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Great Britain and the Dominions Overseas

OUTLOOK ON LIFE CHANGED BY SUFFERING

Apparent Dislike of His Royal Highness to Endless Court Formality Now Appreciated by His Father

COURT CIRCLES TELL PATHETIC REMARKS

Sovereign's Conversation With Nurses and Doctors Indicate Appreciation of "Extraordinary" Life

THE psychological effects of his illness on the King are said to be remarkable. They are as distinctly evident as the physical consequences. His Majesty's outlook on life in his position as a monarch has undergone a decided change, according to best-informed opinion in court circles.

What the change is may be best expressed by the words which he is said to have uttered to one of his nurses. "You have learned, Betsy, as I have, that a king is, after all, just a very ordinary kind of man, but one who has to live in a very extraordinary kind of way that sometimes seems to have so little sense in it."

It is also said this is more or less the frequent theme of the sovereign's conversations with his nurses and doctors, who understand him better than anyone else, for they have seen him through a long illness and through suffering that could be relieved only by opiates.

It is not to be wondered at that after all His Majesty has been through, the artificialities inseparable from his way of life have become clearer to him than they were before his illness. When he went to the sea wall at Craigweil to see the crowd below, which had been allowed by his direction to gather on the shore, he said to one of his staff: "It is good to see real human beings again. I could wish I were one of them."

Now the monarch is able to sympathize with and understand the dislike of the Prince of Wales for ceremony and the endless formality of life at court.

INJECT BROCCOLI INTO ELECTION

British Opposition Press Grows Facetious Concerning Mr Baldwin's Jocose Reference

Broccoli is a noble vegetable which is winning a reputation on many tables. In England broccoli has just won a triumph such as no vegetable, however succulent, has ever achieved before. It has become an election issue.

Premier Baldwin is responsible for launching broccoli on its path to political glory. In his speech at Drury Lane, in which he outlined the Conservative policy, the Prime Minister expressed pride at the progress made by British marketing, and said

"Imagine with what pleasure I learned the other day from a friend who had just returned from Cornwall that, owing to market grading, our British broccoli has begun to penetrate the Continental markets, despite all handicaps. That's an example of what can be done."

Now, broccoli is seldom met with on London tables, but the Liberal and Labor papers pounced on broccoli, and they have been feeding it to Baldwin day in and day out. What is the Baldwin policy? they ask in chorus. And gleefully the opposition chorus shouts back, "Broccoli!"

Mr. Baldwin can laugh over the broccoli issue.

"If I could feel," said the Premier at the Press Fund banquet recently, "that I could make it possible for Mr Lloyd George in the years to come have a little broccoli with his supper I should feel that I had not lived in vain."

The truth of the matter is that the British elector frowns on too much seriousness in election campaigns. The voters are happy to be served a dainty portion of broccoli along with the heavy steaks and puddings which the election orators so often give them.

VICAR CLIMBS GATE

Valiant Cleric Gives Obdurate Lord of Manor Grand Defy and Wins Out

In order to reach the church one evening recently the Vicar of Cockington (Devon), Rev. H. C. Studdy, had to climb the gates. This state of affairs has been brought about by the Lord of the Manor closing the path to the parish church except during service hours. The parishoners have unanimously confirmed the action of the vicar and church council in commencing a Chancery Court action against the Lord of the Manor, Mr R. Mallock, for a declaration that parishoners have the right on foot or in vehicles to approach the parish church at service hours and at other times.

DICKENS LANDMARK

Little Dorrit's Church in Southwark Declared in Danger of Collapsing

The Church of St. George the Martyr, more familiarly known as Little Dorrit's Church, is, according to dispatches from London, in danger of collapse. City traffic passing the historic church, made famous by Dickens' novel, has grown heavier of late years and the vibration has loosened the old pillars. The Bishop of Southwark has appealed for $25,000 to repair some of the damage and to make the building safe for communicants and visitors. Little Dorrit's Church stands in the borough of Southwark, a borough connected with the city of London by Blackfriars, Southwark and London bridges. In the midst of riverside wharves and glassware manufactories, it serves one of the poorer and more congested parts of the great city. The church stands on foundation stones laid by the Abbois of Bermondsey when, about 1122, they built there a convent.

Miss Beavan Runs

Miss Margaret Beavan, former Lord Mayor of Liverpool, has accepted an invitation to stand as Conservative candidate for the Everton Division of Liverpool. Col. H. C. Woodcock, the present member, is retiring.

EMPIRE SHOWN IN MINIATURE

Exhibition Galleries of Imperial Institute Continue Popular—350,000 Visitors Last Year

PRINCE'S FARM IN ALBERTA SHOWN

Since the Imperial Institute was reopened in 1926 its exhibition galleries have grown steadily in attractiveness, and it is clear from the attendances of last year that their popularity is still increasing. The Institute was visited in 1928 by nearly 350,000 persons, including some 80,000 school children with their teachers. Most of the children were from primary, central, and secondary schools in and near London, but one party of eighty came all the way from Batley, and another was brought from Hastings. The reorganisation of the galleries is continuing steadily. Considerable progress was made in 1928, and as funds and time permit it is intended to bring every court up to the standard of the New Zealand court, the first to be remodelled when the Institute was reopened. With the aid of grants from the respective Governments and from other sources, the number of illuminated models has been substantially increased in the past year. The latest shows a cocoa estate in Trinidad, British West Indies, with natives—beautifully modelled little figures—collecting the pods from the trees. Another recent addition gives an instructive idea of cotton cultivation on the Gezira Plain, Sudan. One of the most delightful of all shows the teeming wild life of East Africa in its home, and was modelled by the director's son, who is a dairy farmer in Kenya. In another diorama the Prince of Wales is seen riding on his ranch in Alberta. When the Prince saw this model he declared that it was exactly right, and was astonished to learn that none of the artists had visited his ranch.

BOER FLOGGED NATIVE TO DEATH

Brutal Crime in Transvaal Brings Seven Years in Prison and Ten Lashes

Mr. Havenga, Acting Minister of Justice, has decided that the sentence of seven years' imprisonment with hard labor, and ten lashes, passed on the Bethal (Transvaal) farmer named Nafte in connection with the death of his native servant, shall be fully executed. The Government has received a petition asking for the remission of the lashes.

Nafte was tried on a charge of murder, but the jury returned a verdict of culpable homicide. It was alleged that the native was thrashed severely and tied by his leg to a tree, head downwards. He died of shock as a result of his injuries, which included broken ribs and a broken breastplate. This was the first time that a flogging had been ordered for a white prisoner in the Transvaal, and the day the sentence was passed the Prime Minister (General Hertzog) ordered the postponement of the infliction of the lashes pending a review of the case by the Acting Minister of Justice. The sentence was violently attacked in the Nationalist Press and the judge (Mr. Justice Solomon) was accused of being negrophile.

Irons in Africa

Although the use of household electrical appliances in the Union of South Africa is not widespread, the electric iron has become popular and is used by nearly all housewives living in a city where current is available. The natives, however, continue to use the old-fashioned iron

Where His Majesty Soon Will Be in Residence

VIEW of part of Windsor Castle, from the air. On the left is the Round Tower. The private apartments of the Royal Family are on the right. The driveway from the main entrance faces Queen Anne's Drive, a beautiful boulevard with a double row of very ancient trees on either side, extending in a straight line for over a mile into Windsor Great Park. The Thames, not shown in the picture, runs on the left of the Castle. The Royal Mews are seen in the centre foreground, while a portion of the town of Windsor is seen in the lower left-hand corner.

URGE TRADE PEACE

Australian Churches Declare Solution of Problem Rests With True Brotherhood

An appeal by the churches in South Australia, probably unique in its representative unanimity, has been made in the interests of industrial peace. The signatures include those of the Archbishop of Adelaide (Dr. Spence), the Bishop of Adelaide (Dr Thomas), Fredrick Bullock, president of the Council of Churches, and the presidents of the Methodist Conference, Baptist Union, Churches of Christ, Congregational Union, Presbyterian Assembly, Salvation Army, Society of Friends and the Unitarian Church. The appeal points out that the interests of the community stand above all others, and the people are urged to exhibit kindly toleration in industrial problems. As Australia is faced at present with an industrial situation likely to result in a widespread dislocation of trade and commerce, the various church leaders felt that they ought to unite in a plea for good will, irrespective of class, party or creed.

PEDALS BICYCLE ACROSS CHANNEL

Second Frenchman to Accomplish Feat Makes Trip From Calais to Dover on Modified Bike

The English Channel, that narrow stretch of choppy water which separates France from the British Isles, has again been conquered by man. For many years, since the boats of Julius Caesar crossed it, the Channel refused to yield a safe path except to those who came in ships, in seaworthy craft manned by experienced sailors. In 1875 the first of the Channel swimmers made the distance, and in 1909 a curious contraption sailed over it by the air route. Now a Frenchman, Raoul Vincent, has pedaled across on a sea bicycle, being the second to accomplish the feat.

The Channel did its utmost to defeat M. Vincent, raising high seas and contrary winds when he left the French coast at Calais. When he was within sight of the cliffs of Dover a cross current swept upon him, and he lost ground for an hour. At one time the chain of his hydrocycle broke, but he made the repairs alone without the aid of his convoy. His time was five hours and fifty-seven minutes.

ASTHMA RESEARCH

Appeal for Co-operation by All Sufferers Made by Council in Recent London Report

A letter has been issued in London giving a report of the progress made in the Asthma Research Council's campaign for the scientific investigation of asthma, hay fever, eczema, migraine and allied diseases. An interesting feature is the appeal which is being made to asthmatic sufferers to co-operate. All sufferers and the parents of all children suffering from asthma in Great Britain and the Overseas Dominions are being invited to assist the campaign not only by subscribing, but filling in family forms, which, it is hoped, will give valuable information as to the influence of heredity in asthma and its allied disorders. A report of progress will be published annually and will be supplied to subscribers and the press.

MARK CENTENARY OF LONDON ZOO

Pigmy Hippopotamus Sent by New York Zoological Society Joins in Celebration

The London Zoo, which celebrated its one hundredth anniversary the end of last month, comprises only thirty-five acres, but all through its history it has been world-famous for the rarity of its collections. It is perhaps the only zoo in the world which boasts of the politeness of its inhabitants. For what other zoo has an Indian mina bird which can sit on a perch all day long and call to passers-by: "Hello, hello, how are you? How are you?" This little yellow-leg from India not only speaks but has an impeccable Kensington accent. Thousands of London children wish they knew how the mina bird acquired it in the hills of Bengal.

London's Zoo is almost always crowded, despite the twenty-five cents admission charge. It gets not a penny of municipal funds and is supported by subscriptions of members, together with gate receipts and money from concessions. Lacking all the natural beauties of Bronx Park, this historic zoo in Regent's Park can still hold its head high at the end of 100 years.

The centenary was something of an event, but one ancient inhabitant of London's Zoo is distinctly bored. That's Sopa—the giant grooved tortoise, said to be more than 250 years old. When the London Zoo was founded in Regent's Park in 1829 with an elephant, a camel and a few other specimens, Sopa was a healthy stripling of 150 years basking on the beach of Aldabra Island, in the Indian Ocean. Today Sopa munches his cabbage and bananas reflectively, then shuffles away. He is so old his heavy armor creaks, and at that age centenaries become tiresome.

The latest American ambassadress of good-will arrived in England a few weeks ago and is now at the zoo, wallowing in cool, green water or feeding on luscious bales of hay. She is Jean, the pigmy hippopotamus from Bronx Park, who was sent over as a gift from the New York Zoological Society for the centenary of London's Zoo.

MANSION HOUSE FUND

Seattle Residents Answer Prince of Wales' Appeal for Distressed Miners

The Mansion House Fund for the relief of the distressed areas now amounts to £800,700. A similar amount has been voted by Parliament. Recent donations include one of £376 from Seattle, Wash.

In sending the donation from Seattle the Rev J. Rhys Evans writes: "From London to Seattle, on the Pacific Slope, is a far cry and yet, when the Prince of Wales made his appeal for help for the destitute miners and their dependents in South Wales, it was quickly and sympathetically heard and the response to it, even in these distant parts, has been indeed both general and magnanimous. That these givers also may avail themselves of the generous offer of the British Government to match pound for pound collected for this worthy object by the Lord Mayor of London Fund this draft is sent for the destitute in Wales."

A VENERABLE SCHOOL

Celebrate Chigwell's Unbroken 300-Year Record—In 1840 But One Boy Attended

The tercentenary of Chigwell School was celebrated at a gathering of old boys from all parts of the country. The school was founded by Samuel Harsnet, Archbishop of York, on April 13, 1629. From that time the school has maintained an unbroken record in spite of the fact that in the year 1840 it was reduced to one boy. The school's most noteworthy scholar was William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, and in recognition of this fact it is proposed to make an appeal to American friends to subscribe to the tercentenary memorial, which will take the form of a new assembly hall. The recent celebrations were organized by the Old Chigwellians' Club.

WATERS ENGULF FISHING VILLAGE

Pakefield, an East Coast, Gradually Disappears Under Waters of North Sea

The little English fishing town of Pakefield, near Lowestoft, is slowly but surely falling a victim to the encroachment of the North Sea. The erosion of the part of the eastern coast has been going on for centuries and a considerable part of the old town site is already under water. In the last two years the sea has advanced eighty feet, and during one day in January it swept away a piece of the cliff eighteen feet in depth.

Roads that were once well traveled are now under water and end at the edge of the cliffs. Masses of masonry, old iron and the remains of houses can now be seen at low tide. What was formerly the village green is now buried in the sand. In the last thirty years ninety houses have collapsed and have been pounded by the waves until their foundations have become part of the ocean bed.

One of the historic landmarks of the village, the church, a thirteenth-century building on a Saxon foundation, is now threatened. Within the memory of the living the church was half a mile from the sea, while it is now less than one hundred yards from the cliff edge.

The plight of the fishermen who live in Pakefield is said to be desperate. Most of them own their own houses and stay in them until the last moment. When the sea reaches them a wall of the house cracks, a side falls and the house is engulfed.

NECKLACE OF FLOWERS

Kensington Bride Introduces New Fashion in Use of Orange Blossoms

When Miss Norah Dobbs, daughter of Colonel C. Fairlie Dobbs, of Bournemouth, was married at St. Barnabas' Church, Kensington, to the Rev. Edward Habershon, of Stowe College, she introduced a new fashion by wearing a necklace of orange blossoms, white heather and shamrock. Miss Dobbs wore a gown of ivory satin. The four bridesmaids wore frocks of lime-green chiffon with wreaths of leaves to tone.

DIAMONDS PAY ALL DEFICITS

Reserve Stock of Gems Affords Compendious Method in Balancing Recalcitrant Budget in S.A.

$30,000,000 DUG AT COST OF $500,000

Government in the Union of South Africa is fraught with many difficulties, but balancing the budget can hardly be counted among them. The problem is conveniently solved by the Namaqualand diamond mines, which are operated by the Government and which turn deficit into surplus.

N. C. Havenga, Union Minister of Finance, recently summarized the 1929 budget as follows: Revenue, $152,500,000; expenditure, $144,000,000, leaving a credit balance of $8,500,000, or more than 5 per cent.

Because of the wealth of the Namaqualand "diggings," as they are called, the Government is enabled to give the heavily-taxed business man a rebate of 20 per cent on his income tax. The State mines produced more than $30,000,000 worth of diamonds for the cost of $500,000. Nor are these stones to be classed with the common run of diamonds if prices mean anything, for the Government received an average of $55 per carat.

In marketing the gems the Government followed, it is held, a prudent course. Only a third of the output has been sold, and this has not been enough to depress the price nor considerably lower the sales and profits of the privately-operated mines.

TRADE WITH SOVIET

Oldham Manufacturer Returns From Russia With Order Worth $1,500,000

J. S. Nuttall, chairman of Platt Brothers, Limited, textile machinery manufacturers of Oldham, has returned from Russia with a £300,000 order for his firm. He says that if diplomatic relations between Britain and Soviet Russia were restored, it would be much to the benefit of British industry. Money could be found to finance projects entailing the expenditure of £200,000,000 which the Moscow Government has in view. Soviet schemes in the next five years, he said, include the purchase of £10,000,000 worth of cotton, woolen and flax machinery.

"FAIR EXCHANGE"

Thieves Ransack Golf Club House and Leave Tike Behind Labeled "Hagen"

The caretakers of the Moor Allentown Golf Club, adjoining the Leeds Ryder Cup course, were greeted recently upon entering the locker room by a scraggly pup with a note about its neck reading, "Exchange no robbery. Dog answers to the name of Hagen. Buy it a blue suit and it will whistle 'Yankee Doodle.' Rafferty." The locker-room had been ransacked.

EARL DEMITS

His Lordship of Aylesford Reported A.W.L. and Removed From Army List

The military career of the Earl of Aylesford has ended with a brief announcement in The London Gazette, which says: "Irish Guards Second Lieutenant the Earl of Aylesford is removed from the army for absence without leave on March 9, 1929." He is the ninth earl of a peerage dating back to 1715. The whole thing is stated to be the result of the young man not having read the King's Regulations properly. He decided, recently, to resign from the army and take up a civil career. Early last month he handed in his papers. Instead of waiting for them to pass through the normal channels and receive his discharge, he immediately absented himself from his unit and started on a shooting trip in the East, where he still is.

LIFE RISKED FOR CAT

Hundreds of people cheered the rescue of a cat from the top of the steeple of St. Andrew's Church, Islington, where it had been stranded for two days. When attempts to entice it down failed, Mr. Louis Bell, a young butcher, left his shop in Caledonian Road and, with the aid of a ladder, climbed the steeple and brought the cat down.

SMALLPOX FEAR HITS BRITAIN

Nearly Three Hundred Victims Recorded as Result of Cases Arriving by Steamer From India

TOURIST TRADE HAS UNEXPECTED CHECK

Red armbands, denoting new vaccination scars, have become commonplace on London streets. Jostling on buses and the underground is listed for the moment among the grave social errors. England is said to be in the midst of a smallpox "scare."

Though the epidemic, if fewer than 300 cases can be called an epidemic, came by tourist boat from India, the scare is a French importation. Thousands of British men and women have made a rush to get vaccinated. The narrow red sleeveband appeared in such volume as now to be classed as an adjunct of the Spring fashions.

A question is pending before Parliament on health conditions in Bombay. Englishmen or visitors traveling to the Continent are suffering at the tribulations, sometimes amusing, but mainly very trying, of a marked people. One week-ender returning from France is reported to have remarked within the hearing of a French sanitary inspector that he had a "small box" and was almost clapped in jail.

Yet with all the increased precaution implied in the time of emergency, health authorities have been able to discover only 275 undoubted cases of smallpox. Can 275 cases among 45,000,000 people constitute an epidemic? Whatever England thinks about it, in the eyes of France they do.

DUKE OF YORK'S APPEAL ANSWERED

Over $800,000 Contributed to Playing Fields Association in Two Years

Started some two years back, and with the Duke of York as an enthusiastic president, the National Playing Fields Association has published some of the direct and indirect results achieved. A total of 535 acres of land, to the value of £138,000, has been given to the association or to local authorities in response to the appeal and further gifts of this kind are still being received.

Contributions of more than £164,000 have been made to the association and its branches. The Carnegie trustees have set aside £200,000 to be used for the purchase or laying out of recreation grounds.

VIMY MEMORIAL

Imposing Monument on Famous Ridge to Commemorate Canadian Heroism

There is now being erected on Vimy Ridge the most imposing of the Canadian war memorials. The dedication of this memorial undoubtedly will be one of the most impressive of the many impressive dedicatory ceremonies in the battle areas since the war. A suggestion has come to The Legionary that as every section of Canada was represented in the victory of the Canadian Corps at Vimy Ridge on April 9, 1917, it would be most fitting if every section was to be represented at the dedication of the memorial. A composite battalion of the veterans of Vimy Ridge could be assembled, accoutred, trained and transported to France for this event. They would, in effect, be re-enlisted. With the co-operation of the railways, steamship lines and the general public, the plan could be carried out by the Government at no great expense.—The Legionary.

CUT IN NAVAL PLANS MAY BE POLITICAL CRY

Mr. MacDonald's Promise of Party's Support of U.S. Proposal Challenges Attention of Public Speakers

PRESS COMMENTS APPROVE SCHEME

Lloyd George Said to Lean Towards Acceptance of Theory Which May Force Government's Hands

SINCE the abandonment of the Anglo-French naval compromise last Summer, it has been obvious to anyone who has followed British press comments upon any phase of Anglo-American relations, that any such move as that made by Ambassador Gibson, at Geneva, recently, would elicit warm and practically unanimous approval of British journalism—as, in fact, it did, says the London correspondent of The New York Herald-Tribune.

The opinion of the British newspapers cannot be taken as committing the Government. Many, even among the Conservative journals, which give general support to the Baldwin administration, have been at loggerheads with it for some time over the naval question. This time, however, it can confidently be said that the Government and the newspapers agree in applauding the gesture.

As to the definite line of action which the British Government will take, the prediction is not so easy. The Gibson speech came at a time when the leaders of every British party were busily preparing for the general election and when it therefore might have been gracefully shelved until after May 30. This may even yet prove to be its fate. If they were able to point to real progress toward a naval understanding with the United States, it would be valuable to Conservative politicians.

On the other hand, Ramsay MacDonald, in a New York Herald-Tribune interview, definitely committed the Labor party to acceptance of the Gibson thesis and promised that should a Labor Government be formed, "we should at once range ourselves alongside the United States."

There is every reason to believe that Lloyd George and leading Liberals feel the same way. Therefore, faced by the probability that Labor or Liberals should either win in the general election, might proceed to negotiate on the basis of the Gibson speech, the Conservatives are likely to see the value of speedy action in dealing with the American thesis.

HINDUS IN GUIANA

Rev. Charles F. Andrews Finds Indians in South American Colony Have Great Liberty

The importation to British Guiana of Hindu labor from India finally has resulted in a condition that is beginning to cause the British Government concern. One-third of the population is now Hindu, for they have intermarried with the blacks and browns, as well as with the French and other white residents in the colony. The Hindus came to stay and they have become not only leading farmers, but are in business and commerce; they have entered the professions as well. The home government depends upon British India to increase the population tenfold during the next half century. The Indian National Congress regards this immigration as purely a political question. To further the interests of that portion of India which is working for British rule, the Rev C. F. Andrews, a political missionary, has been sent to Georgetown from Bombay to stimulate the spirit of freedom among the Hindus. The Rev. Charles Freer Andrews is a professor in the International University of Sir Rabindranath Tagore in Bengal. He is accepted by the Swaraj politicians as their greatest authority on Indian emigration. He was met in Georgetown with the fact that the Hindus enjoy greater freedom in British Guiana than anywhere else in the world, and they have greater possibilities for advancement. The Indians in British Guiana are not held down by the trammels of the caste system, and after years of residence there have very little in common with their fellows in Bombay and Calcutta.

TAX ON MARRIAGE

Magistrate Encourages Youthful Swain to Marry and Defy Greedy Landlord

Young man at Willesden, near London. "I am getting married, and with my father's consent I am bringing my wife home to the flat. The landlord has notified my father that from the day I bring my wife in the rent will be increased by 10s 6d a week." Magistrate: "That is absurd. You get married and defy your landlord, and certainly do not pay any increase in rent. There is no tax on marriage yet. It is no business of a landlord if his tenant wishes to get married."

Horse and Horse

By
CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

HANK WHEELOCK'S first conclusion was that he had come on a vagrant snow patch. But the idea had barely emerged before he realized its absurdity. Could it be that the scorching humor of the desert had at last seared him to a point of daftness? . . . He moved slowly toward the outer rim of whiteness, as if fearful lest the vision might dissolve, but the mirage did not recede; it became if anything more tangible, more crystalline, more emphatic. Surely this pool of frozen purity had not been there last week.

He bent over, tracing figures in the glistening surface with his gun; if he were mad his new estate had been accomplished with completeness! He next trusted his fingers to a confirmation of the fact before him. He had almost expected a cool reaction, but the scorch of accumulated sunshine bit ruthlessly into his flesh. Immediately every spark of animation was extinguished within him: the suggestion flashing through his mind was too tremendous, too fantastic to be met save in complete immobility. When he moved again, it was to scoop up a handful of burning whiteness. Even now, he did not altogether credit his senses. He moistened a forefinger, carrying its powdered surface back to his tongue. He knew the look of it, the taste of it, and yet he was not to be trapped unduly. He whipped out his pocket magnifier. His conclusions were reluctant, constrained by the incautions of a lifetime. Borax? . . . Could it be possible—here by the roadway's rim within a day's journey of the railroad? . . . He felt himself grow suddenly weak and he had the wit to realize that the sun was to no humor to brook defiance.

Welcome Shade

HE moved slowly toto the truce of a rocky ledge, sprawling full length to its shadow. Overhead, three buzzards formed a sinister merry-go-round against the turquoise sky. Their foul expectations made Hank Wheelock chuckle. In spite of his sixty years he was a long way from cashing in. Them fool bussards!

In the cool of evening Hank Wheelock went through the primitive gesture of marking the confines of his prospect with bits of shale chipped from the ledge that sheltered him from the sun. The definite rules for staking a claim he was unprepared to meet. There would be people passing and repassing. Indians for the most part. But the desert was capricious; it rewarded whom it would.

Take his own case for instance: How many times had he scoured the blunt, squeezed hills to no purpose. And this same spot, with its ledge of rock thet marked a waterhole of almost miraculous sweetness, how many times hed he loitered to its gaunt shade, innocent of its hoard? . . . Last week, when he had tramped eastward to another futile tryst with fortune, his path had been without revelation. But overnight a miracle had happened: a wanton wind had danced with gathering violence across the starlit mesa, furrowing the gleaming sand with its twinkling feet, tearing open quiescent wounds in its frenzy, revealing close-locked secrets. Would it be necessary to tell Jim Bledsoe? Net right off, anyhow. . . . He'd bide his time.

Time Enough

WELL, there was time enough to settle thet. He wouldn't reach camp until neat morning. Twelve hours of solitude in which to wrestle with the problem. That was enough for any man. And he fell asleep, chuckling.

He rose with a windless moon, heading south by west munching thin strips of jerked venison as he walked. He was a spare eater on the trail and he drank from his canteen scantily, barely moistening his lips. The land lay in a cool truce of incredible silver, tovoking dreams and fancies and extravagances. Hank Wheelock, the new Borax King! He ruffled with childish pride at the mere thought. This last speculation brought him sharply against the question of Jim Bledsoe again: Would he be justified in dissolving has partnership at this point?

Of course, no matter what his decision he'd never let old Bledsoe want: he'd be generous. And with keen delight he pictured himself in the role of patron, distributing largess . . . Giving anybody a direct share—well, that was different. People never thanked you for what you were conceded were their rights, and the term "partnership" would smother any impulse toward gratitude in Jim Bledsoe. To his dying day Jim would argue:

"Well, who knows—if Hank hadn't struck it rich mebbe I would have!" He'd said casually one night over their beans and coffee:

"I had a notion I'd run up toward Heron Falls for a spell . . . You ain't got any use for thet pack animal, have yer? Leastways, not before next week?"

Veiled Scorn

HANK WHEELOCK had tried to veil his scorn under a show of indifference. "Pack animal? . . . I should say not!"

"Well," Bledsoe had replied, "yer never can tell . . . I alius figured there might be a likely lead in there . . . Still, I kinder lean to a country thet ain't so all-fired ornery."

He speculated with a derisive grunt what sort of geological philandering Jim Bledsoe was up to around Heron Falls. A soft country, truly—buried to a carpet of pine needles; full of the muffled whirr of quail coveys; spilling water to lacy cascades down its greenly wreathed sides. A place for loafing, a spot to rob you of everything but content, a sure despoiler of ambition . . . Jim had gone there fishing, that was it. And one day he'd blow back into camp with a mess of trout and an air of carrying the plunder of an empire in his straw-packed fishing basket . . .

He, Hank Wheelock, would be bringing back a fortune and his partner, Jim Bledsoe, would throw down a dozen trout as his contribution to the jackpot . . . Not this time! It didn't take Hank Wheelock one half of his allotted twelve hours to settle thet question. The moon had scarcely risen to its full height when he had come to a final and irrevocable decision.

Jim Bledsoe Returns

TOWARD daybreak he saw afar the curling grey of a camp fire, and he knew thet Jim Bledsoe was already back. This fact disturbed him: he hadn't reckoned on facing so swiftly the issue uppermost to his mind. But his first irritation was succeeded by a sense of poignant anticipation. It would be good to have the coffeepot already steaming over the brush fire and smell the bacon drippings to the frying pan. It would be pleasant, too, to stretch out to the grey-green coolness of the willow trees and ruminate over a pipe with the genial patterings of old Jim Bledsoe within sight and earshot. Thus, midway, between chuckling satisfaction and a vague regret, he bore down upon Jim Bledsoe fanning a reluctant fire in the early morning light.

"Prospects—up by Heron Falls! . . . I guess a mess of fish now and then's about all yer'll ever take out of that country!"

They greeted each other with clipped masculine monosyllables and lapsed speedily toto the grateful silence of long association. As Wheelock had guessed, fish had been flashing to the sunlight of Heron Creek, for above the inevitable pungence of coffee and warming bacon grease there rose the sweetish odor of trout browning to a turn.

Hank Wheelock pulled up to the bitter task before him. "I got to thinking things over on the way back: Jim Bledsoe, we ain't gettin' nowhere."

The blue eyes continued to stare at Hank Wheelock with bland tolerance.

"Yer mean yer want to break the partnership?"

"I was thinking of it."

"Pshaw . . . not now, Hank—not after nigh on to forty years."

"That's just it—forty years!" Hank Wheelock's voice rose with a sort of desperate vehemence. "We've just been dead weight to each other, somehow. . . . You'll say, 'Wait for the next turn!' I know what's beyond that—the poorhouse!"

A look of bewilderment crept into Jim Bledsoe's glance. "You're wrong there, Hank. I ain't said nothin', I was just waitin' to surprise yer, but up Heron Falls way there's a prospect thet—"

A low guttural laugh, two-edged with contempt, sent Jim Bledsoe's revelation scattering

"Prospects—up by Heron Falls! . . . I guess a mess of fish now and then's about all yer'll ever take out of thet country! . . . I heard tell of your prospects before!"

Jim Bledsoe fumbled for his tobacco pouch, and his hand shook. "Yer right, Hank Wheelock," he said, in a voice that was much too high and clear and confident. "It's high time you and me was quittin'."

Ready for the Trail

JIM BLEDSOE spoke to him once more—after the evening meal. He was ready for the trail—blanket roll, canteen, and canvas bag snug with essentials

"I'm going over to Heron Falls," he said with rancor, "and after that I'll drop down to Potterville. . . . Ain't nuthin' I can do for yer down that way, is there?"

Hank came to his feet. "How about dividing things up?"

Jim Bledsoe swept the issue aside with a gesture of indifference. "Ain't much to divvy, is there? A few camp contraptions and a pack animal. I figgered you'd need 'em more than me. I won't be runnin' wild much longer."

His voice was untinged with patronage, yet his words brought the blood to Hank Wheelock's forehead. "I'd rather we cleaned up right!" he threw back savagely.

Jim Bledsoe shrugged. "I've got all the best of it now!" he answered.

Hank Wheelock twisted his lips into a smile. "Well, if you're satisfied . . ." he said.

The sound of old Jim Bledsoe shuffling into the darkness . . . wind drawing up tha mesa . . . the piercing wail of a coyote. . . . After forty years! . . .

He lay all night beside the camp fire, gazing up at the stars. An extraordinary sense of freedom possessed him. He had no one to answer to. After all, the camp equipment and the pack animal did mean something at this stage. He'd have a bit of traveling about to do. To begin with, he'd have to go into Potterville to attend to a thousand legal details, after he had staked his claim properly. And he'd need a handful of money for the preliminaries, too. If the country back on Antelope had only yielded a decent pocket of ore!

Perhaps if he pushed on a little farther. He knew a huddle of hills just beyond Mesquite Ridge that he had always thought of as promising.

He decided to start at daybreak. A fever of anxiety suddenly swept him. With the postponement of his triumph came a sickening fear that he had overestimated the whole circumstance. What if the outcroppings he had come upon were just thet and nothing more?

His first plan had been to achieve Mesquite Ridge by a direct route thet would have struck a little north of his discovery of yesterday, missing it by a half day's journey. There hadn't seemed any necessity for going out of his way merely to view a spot thet he had quitted not twenty-four hours since. But now, shaken by cold gusts of incredulity, he decided to take the longer route.

He broke camp without waiting for the sun to rise.

An Interloper

TOWARD evening the jutting ledge of rock which marked Hank Wheelock's spot of promise swam in the haze of a slanting sun. For a moment he leaned upon his rifle, motionless. The pack animal halted, too, making an inanimate outline against the sky. A thin curl of smoke drew upward in a straight line and mysteriously lost itself . . . His first thought marked it as the camp fire of Indians. He felt annoyed. He had counted on solitude, and a brood of Indians was not to his liking. The alternative was even more distasteful: a white man would insist on chattering . . . A white man! Had somebody already jumped his claim?

He felt wrath pounding at his temples, and, suddenly, instinctively, he began to run forward, his gun glistening with flashing menace. A figure scrambled from the sands to meet him.

"Wal, stranger, what's the hurry? . . . Don't yer calculate to stop at no flag stations?"

Hank Wheelock fell back. "I was all-fired thirsty!" he lied, conscious of two eyes riveted upon a thin trickle of moisture issuing from his canteen.

"Which way yer headed for?"

"Over by Mesquite Ridge."

Hank Wheelock shuffled to the water hole and bent over. "Which way you goin'?" he shot out.

The stranger stirred his miniature camp fire.

"I ain't made up my mind," he announced, with a cryptic chuckle.

Hank eyed his man grimly, but he had wit enough to lapse almost at once toto a show of indifference. The stranger was bending over the fire. A primitive gust swept Hank Wheelock; he grasped his gun securely, but the next instant relaxed his grip, shaken further by the realization thet he could turn yellow even for so brief a moment. The man had risen.

"Wal," he drawled, "I expect it's about time to chew!"

Hank wiped the sweat from his eyes, accepting tha stranger's implied invitation with equal indirection, as he said.

"I guess I'd better unpack that fool burro if we calc'late to eat without jackass music."

The Stranger's Story

THE stranger's name was Starbuck—a garrulous, cynical soldier of fortune with the gossip of boom town and mining camp and trail bubbling up unceasingly.

This man Starbuck was sly, too; one got thet to his half-closed glance, and there was something to the curve of his lip which seemed pregnant with ridicule. Hank Wheelock was burning to know whether thirst was the only thing that had lured him to this water hole, and having slacked it, what held him there. Surely he had experience enough to know borax when he saw it.

Hank tried discreetly once or twice to force Starbuck's vaporings into significant channels when suddenly, without warning, Starbuck himself rippled toward the desired explanation of his presence. They had finished their meal and their first pipes when Starbuck began to pack his mess kit with slow deliberation.

"Might as well be ready to move when I take the notion," he said.

Wheelock's heel dug into the sand. "What's your hurry?"

"Hurry? . . . No, I ain't exactly in a hurry . . . But I jest swung a few miles out o' my course today to have a look at this here spot. Things on the desert stay pretty much as they were at the start. It's bin twenty years or more since I come by here."

"And yer mean er say yer found nuthin' changed—nothin'?"

"Net a damned thing!" He threw a greasewood twig to the direction of one of the piles of rock with which Hank had staked his claim. "Excepting them fool monuments!" He gave a chuckle. "When I seen them I looked around for a skeleton or two. Sez I to myself: 'Bud Starbuck, nobody but a tenderfoot done anything that foolish.'"

A strange dryness puckered Hank Wheelock's lips—something like premonition urged him to complete silence, as if such a course might check the flow of Starbuck's speech, and yet he found himself saying almost hoarsely:

"How'd yer come to think o' stopping at all? . . . Ain't nuthin' here so all-fired unusual! . . . Leastways, nuthin' that would make a man remember that fur back."

Twenty Years Before

"WAL, mebbee you'd think different if you'd drove a mule team past this water hole twice a week or more for nigh on to a year like I did . . . Yes, sir, I passed this place more times than I could shake a stick at back in them days when I was hauling borax out o' Palute Valley."

Hank Wheelock bent forward suddenly. "Borax!" he echoed faintly.

"Yes, siree, borax . . . He picked up another twig and hurled it this time in the midst of the crystalline pool, upon which Hank Wheelock was gazing with tragic uncertainty "Yer see that? . . . Would yer like to know something about how it come there? Well, listen ter me, stranger, and when I get through if yer don't agree that nuthin' ever changes to this fool country, my name won't be Bud Starbuck!"

Some time in the night with the rising moon, Hank Wheelock heard the clinking of a mess kit swinging rhythmically, and he knew tha Starbuck had hit the trail again. He was wide awake, but he did not stir; he had had enough of Bud Starbuck. It was not so much that this man had robbed him of an illusion as thet he had convicted him of idiocy.

He had told his story with suspicious gusto, as if he were inwardly smiling, and at the end of his "I'd like to clap my eyes on the greenhorn thet reared up them stone monuments" had been significant with contempt. The very memory of it still made Hank Wheelock wince.

It was a well-told tale and the element of extravagance was in it despite its underlying triteness. Bud Starbuck had the gift of vitalizing his narrative, and Hank Wheelock had been captured at once by the picture of the narrator setting out with his mule team on a wind-swept morning twenty years before to haul borax from Paiute Valley to the railroad siding. A fool thing to do in such a sandstorm, according to Starbuck's own statement! But bravado lay back of it, an answer to a carelessly flung challenge, with a wager to add zest to the performance—some fifty dollars for the delivery within a given time of the load at its destination. A hard-fought battle through blinding wind and sand, with a snapped axle almost within sight of victory. Then the load dumped to a little saucer-like depression near the water hole, the maimed wagon trailing to shelter behind staggering mules like some wounded animal dragged unwittingly to slaughter. Next day rehabilitation and the mules trotting back with their rattling "empty" and Bud Starbuck intent on plans for salvaging the abandoned load.

The Finish

AND the finish—to quote Bud Starbuck himself: "Covered up jest as clean as if some fool grave-digger had been at work . . . I'd 'lowed thet there ledge of rock would shunt off the whirling sand. But no, siree, it jest jumped that—as pretty . . . Yes, stranger, the sand's the only thing changes to this dern country, and then it just skips about like grasshoppers . . . That borax has been there nigh on to twenty years—jest waiting fer another fool wind to uncover it . . . And I'm willing to bet if I was to load that up again, it wouldn't be ten pounds lighter—no siree, not ten pounds!"

Could any tale have been more commonplace, more ridiculous, more extravagant, all in one breath? It was so obvious and simple, once it was told . . . Why, Hank Wheelock didn't have to so much as look again to realize how shallow and artificial and altogether unconvincing of promise was this little glistening patch of crystal winking its thousand sand eyes mockingly to the sunlight . . . What was Jim Bledsoe doing up by Heron Falls?—gentle, kindly, simple Jim Bledsoe . . . If he might only wake tomorrow to the sizzling of bacon in the pan and and the sweetish smell of trout browning to a turn! . . .

He lay all the next day to the imperfect shadow of the ledge of rock watching the buzzards circling overhead. At intervals he ministered to the thirsty needs of his pack animal with patient scooping of moisture from the water hole, but for himself, he was content to drowse to a feverish retrospection . . . Nightfall . . . another day . . . a procession of sunsets and dawns . . . He was tired—that was it—all-fired tired! Tomorrow he would start to the direction of Mesquite Ridge, but not today! . . . Again and again he dulled tha faint urge within him with this promise, and as often let it be strangled slowly by inaction. Overhead the buzzards grew toto a black menacing clowd . . . The pack animal brayed pitifully! What did it matter? . . . He would start tomorrow! And thus one day merged into another without circumstance or change or human visitation, until in the faint blush of a wind-blown dawn he saw the figure of old Jim Bledsoe drifting forward in a gilded haze.

Bacon and Coffee

JIM BLEDSOE'S bacon and coffee had never tasted so good. They were like a miraculous sacrament that could revive the spirit as well as the body. With every gulp of muddy coffee, Hank Wheelock could feel the sense of proportion and reality return. But above the physical content which was stealing over him there rose a suspicion of Jim Bledsoe's presence, a premonition thet this old partner of his had sought him out deliberately for some sly purpose he could not define. It all came out, finally, at the appointed time for men's revelations—over the inevitable and pungent pipes. It was Jim Bledsoe who opened fire.

"I warn't at all sure I'd ketch yer," he broke out, suddenly, without warning.

"How'd yer know I was here?"

"I met a man working up toward Windgate—Bud Starbuck. He said he'd seen yer . . . But he 'lowed you'd be headin' for Mesquite by this time . . . But, I dunno, somethin' seemed to tell me you was right here."

Hank Wheelock felt the necessity for explanation. "I was aimin' to leave today . . . Somethin' I eat must have put me off my feed. I jest felt all-fired ornery . . . Were you calculatin' to swing over to Mesquite with me?"

Jim Bledsoe shook his head and a little gurgling note of triumph issued from his throat.

"No, siree, not me. 'Twarn't for thet reason I trotted after yer . . . But I was jest like a fool woman—bustin' to tell yer the news . . ." He cleared his throat. "Hank Wheelock, you and me don't have to go traipsin' around this here alkali no more, tryin' to hogtie fortune. I struck somethin' up in that Heron Falls country jest like I said I would . . . Oh, it ain't nuthin' suddin—I've been flirting around with it fer nigh on to six months, now . . . Yes, siree, fishing ain't tha only thing I done up there . . . I jest laid low and said nuthin', working it all up on the sly . . . Well, I got a man ready to give me a quarter of a million ter hand over my option . . . O' course, he'll pull out ten times that . . . But I figgered you and me couldn't spend much more'n he offered before we cashed in." He gave a chuckle. "Leastways, not onless we got a couple of gals to give us a hand."

A Quarter Million

HANK WHEELOCK drew viciously on his pipe. A quarter of a million! . . . Old Jim Bledsoe: It was incredible! But more incredible still was the simplicity of including a partner who had so unceremoniously cut adrift from him. Hank had no words of gratitude to meet such a situation, so instead he found himself saying, with almost a sneer:

"I don't see where I come in, now!"

"Say, yer don't think for one moment, Hank Wheelock, I'd hold out on yer jest because yer kicked over the traces once in forty years? I'll allow I was sore—at furst! . . . But, pshaw, it ain't as if you and me were strangers . . . Besides, I know what you'd ha' done if you'd bin in my place!"

A flush spread over Hank Wheelock's face: the sort of flush that used to rise when as a boy his mother had imputed undeserved virtues to him. A sudden and secret shame overwhelmed him, and the bitter truth rose perversely to his lips.

"Oh, yer do, de yer!" he sneered. "Well, let me tell yer one thing, yer wrong! . . . If you'd ditched me, Jim Bledsoe, I'd ha' let yer starve—that's what I'd ha' done!"

Jim Bledsoe shook his head. "Yer don't have to tell me, Hank Wheelock—I know what I'm talking about!"

For a moment the feeling of relief which swept him was almost painful. It wasn't any use telling Jim Bledsoe the truth. Why bother, then? What folks didn't know wouldn't sicken them. He might just as well share in the prospects. A quarter of a million! At last he could take it easy!

But this gust of satisfaction passed swiftly and left him as chilled as when he had stood, with his finger on the trigger of his gun, watching Starbuck bending over the fire . . . No, it couldn't be done; it wasn't sporting! He'd been a gambler all his life and he'd made mistakes, but he'd never cheated. He couldn't horn in on a game he'd dropped out of; he couldn't keep on playing when he knew that there had been a misdeal.

A Passed Hand

A PASSED hand was a passed hand. And a dissolved partnership was dissolved; there wasn't nothing else to it. Besides, a man had his pride. He wasn't no beggar! . . . He wasn't dead yet, neither, and there were just as good claims in the hills as ever were dug.

He scrambled to his feet and he knew that his voice was clear and cold and triumphant as he lied:

"Wal, I've got some news fer you, too . . . You ain't the only one's been working on the sly . . . I got somethin' pretty nice staked out over to thet Mesquite Range . . . It won't be a quarter of a million, but it will be enough—fer me!"

Jim Bledsoe rose more slowly. "Jest as you say . . . But I don't feel comfortable somehow . . . We was partners, yer knew, when I fust came on to thet holdin'. I should have told yer right off."

A hot breeze began to catch up little whirls of sand and loose the pungent odors of the sagebrush. An intolerable longing for some far-off and dusky coolness oppressed Hank Wheelock. He thought of hedgerows and columbine and hollyhocks and the faint tinkle of silver fountains.

"Yes, siree!" he heard Jim Bledsoe repeating, in a tone of self-rebuke. I should have told you right off!"

Hank Wheelock turned his face upwards to the lifted circle of buzzards wheeling expectantly in the turquoise expanse. A flicker of indecision sputtered and died. He nodded in tha direction of Mesquite Range and his voice shook with the triumph of a gambler whe scorned a secret advantage as he said.

"That's my case, exactly! . . . Yer see—it's jest horse and harse!"

Seal Herd of Pribilof Islands Again on Increase

THE Government-owned seal herd of the Pribilof Islands is said to contain a large proportion of the fur seals of the world. When Alaska became the property of the United States to 1867 the herd was variously estimated at between 2,000,000 and 5,000,000 animals, but it later greatly diminished. For tha first two years after the purchase there were no restrictions on tha killing of seals and large numbers were taken.

In 1870 an American sealing company was formed to operate under the supervision of tha Government. Under the terms of the agreement the company had to furnish stipulated amounts of food to tha inhabitants free of charge, maintain a school, pay forty cents for each skin taken, furnish provisions and merchandise at prices no higher than the prevailing retail prices to San Francisco and institute many reforms.

In 1911 a treaty was entered into by the United States, Great Britain, Japan and Russia which prohibited pelagic sealing in the North Pacific Ocean and in the Bering Sea. The second contract with an American firm, which differed materially from the first, had expired to 1910 and the United States Government took over the entire management of the sealing.

The herd at that time was estimated at a little more than 300,000 animals. Comparatively few skins were taken the first few years thereafter in order to give the herd a chance to grow in numbers, and since then only males have been killed.

Hardy Liked Music

AT the age of twelve Thomas Hardy was already a violinist of some skill. Playing at village weddings and dances was his favorite pastime, and it is related of his enthusiasm for the instrument thet his hostess at one of these rustic house parties forcibly seized his bow-arm when he had been playing unceasingly for three-quarters of an hour the country dance, "The New-Rigged Ship," lest, as she put it, he should burst a blood vessel.

Nobody wants to plant an oak—they seem so slow growing. Plant some, anyway. Others will benefit as we have.

Troubadour Revives Ancient Art

Lonely Albertan Boy "Don't Want to Be A Viscount"

THE HON. FREDERICK PERCEVAL

By EVE POWELL

THE EARL OF EGMONT, the "Rancher Earl," has found a small Canada in the heart of England for his future home.

I visited Avon Castle recently. It is approached by a private driveway one mile long, which follows the course of the River Avon. The drive is lined on either side with rhododendron bushes already in bud, with, behind them, a profusion of evergreen trees. There are hemlocks, pine and a variety of cedars. It might be Stanley Park, Vancouver, or a typical bit of Northern Ontario.

As the drive winds on one catches tantalising glimpses of the castle in the distance. Surely the Earl, as he drove up for the first time, must have thought it allegorical. For years he had been catching glimpses of this, his castle of dreams—mental pictures which had suddenly materialized, just as the road takes an unexpected turn at the end and the castle stands revealed before you.

It is a beautiful spot. Back of the castle—a forest of evergreens, and to one side lies the river, where on a small dock the Earl and the Viscount stand fishing.

But they have not yet taken possession and it was at the White Hart Hotel in sleepy Ringwood that I talked to them both early that morning.

The Viscount had been standing on the curb outside the hotel since half-past six. I joined him at seven. Rain drizzled down the window panes. There was no one about.

"This is the most miserable place I ever saw," drawled the boy.

"Are you the young Canadian?" I asked. He sidled away with half a nod.

"Shake on it—so am I." For two minutes he looked suspiciously at me. Was this another ruse to corner him and make him say what he did not mean?

Then his hand shot out in a firm Calgary grip and he grinned an open, frank Canadian smile.

He reminded me of a small cowboy sheriff standing there, hands in pockets, with a soft grey hat pulled low over his keen blue eyes. I wondered about the hat until I heard its history.

The Earl had bought it for him the day before, discarding the old farm cap. Ten minutes afterwards he was bargaining with the boots in the hotel corridor.

"How much will you give me for this hat? I don't like it." But the Earl was in the offing and the transaction had to be abandoned.

The young Viscount is surely the most miserable mortal in England. Everybody stares at him. All day long people are pestering him for interviews. The small boys of the town cluster round and try to get him to speak, while school children greet each other with "Have you seen him yet?"

He has the look of a hunted deer in his eyes.

It may be a case of "dreams come true" as the father has said, but a young and healthy Westerner does not want to be quartered in dreamland. He sighs for wide open realities where "men are men" and his animals his dearest friends.

"I don't want to be a Viscount," he said; "I don't want people to call me Viscount."

He has made one pal in Ringwood—the small hotel kitten which wears a bell around its neck and is called Nigger. Nigger doesn't love him just because he has joined the ranks of the aristocracy, and he can trust Nigger not to jump up suddenly and exclaim, "I say, what do you think of our country?"

And so the two wander round the hotel together, speaking to no one and looking for an unmolested spot.

Before anyone was around that morning father and son departed in a taxicab, destination and probable return unknown.

I should not be surprised if they went off to spend the day in the loneliest and most deserted corner of the countryside, where they might enjoy a large piece of bread and a "hunk of cheese"—their first good meal in England.

For they do not relish castle fare, where "they keep throwing bouquets on the table and nothing to eat."

According to Appearance

THE landlady glanced round the table at her twelve hungry boarders before commencing to carve the rather sad-looking chicken. In rapid succession she asked each of them which part of the fowl they preferred. Ten of them decided on legs. The carver dropped her knife with a clatter on the dish and glared at the offenders indignantly. "What do you imagine this is?" she said sarcastically, pointing to the chicken. "A centipede or what?" "Oh, no," replied the boarder who had been served. "Judging by the piece of neck I've got I should imagine it was a giraffe."

Lacking in Proof

Hostess—I'm delighted to see you, Mr. Hackaberry. I've heard so much about you.

Guest—You can't prove anything.

CHARLES MARCHAND

AN enterprising Canadian who is enjoying a totally unanticipated measure of success in a novel line of endeavor which, while definitely establishing his own reputation redounds to the renown of his Province and the Dominion generally, is Charles Marchand. Within the past year or two the lovely and lively folk songs of French Canada have become familiar to residents of all parts of the Dominion and have been received with such enthusiasm by United States audiences as to hold promise of becoming a vogue there. The individual who is more directly responsible for this development than any other, the outstanding interpreter in song of French Canada and its people to the rest of the continent, is Charles Marchand. Today the figure of the rollicking riverman has become familiar all over the continent from his appearances on concert platforms, while his stirring voice has through the radio made him yet more extensively known.

Strangely enough this widespread popularity of the songs of old Quebec which Charles Marchand has been so largely responsible for creating can be directly traced to a chance remark of the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King.

A native son of Quebec Province, Charles Marchand was for years a draughtsman in a Government office in Ottawa. A great lover of music, of which he made an intensive study, he was the possessor of a deep, rich voice he assiduously cultivated and became well known locally as an amateur singer of modern French songs. His ambition, however, was a professional status in the singing world, and he ceaselessly looked forward to the attainment of this. Finally, after much encouraging amateur success, he gathered together sufficient courage to cast the die, threw up his assured position, and went to Montreal to follow the doubly uncertain career of a free lance singer with a novel repertoire.

For two years he toured the Province of Quebec as a modern troubadour, visiting some five hundred points, and taking into outlying parts modern songs which had become popular in France. In 1920 he attended a concert given in Ottawa at which French-Canadian folk songs, which he had spent years in collecting, were presented by Marius Barbeau, and was deeply impressed. He selected five of these songs suited to his voice, which he included in his repertoire to present to French-Canadian audiences. These were very well received.

In 1926 Marchand was invited to entertain the guests of the Hon. Charles Murphy at a banquet at Ottawa, at which the Premier was present. His rendering of the old French songs was keenly enjoyed by the guests, and their delight was so evident that the Prime Minister told Marchand how he regretted not being able to follow the words since he saw others get so much pleasure from them. This deeply impressed Marchand, who visioned a much wider audience for his songs if they were made available in English. He sought in vain for translations, for none had at that time been made. J. M. Gibbon was at that time making arrangements for the first folk song festival at Quebec, and Marchand approached him with his difficulty. The result was that Mr. Gibbon undertook the translation of many of them himself, and Charles Marchand gave the first renderings of the English versions at the festival.

This opened the way to his real life work in interpreting the songs of French Canada to English audiences, and primarily their general familiarity and popularity today are attributable to him. He has sung them to Canadian audiences from coast to coast and made Quebec better understood throughout the Dominion. American musical critics attending the Quebec festival became greatly interested in the songs, which were really the first white man's music heard on the American continent, sung to the swing of the paddle by the first French-Canadians to go down the Mississippi, and started their vogue. Charles Marchand has been their chief exponent across the border. He has sung them under the auspices of various organizations at Waterton, Chicago, New York, Boston, Detroit and other centres, from several of which they have been broadcast. The National Federation of Music Club at Boston has become keenly interested in the old songs of French Canada and has chosen Marchand to sing them at its gathering in June. He will make three appearances, which is a distinct compliment since individual artists are permitted only ten minutes.

Charles Marchand finds a supreme satisfaction in his life work since in bringing pleasure to English-speaking audiences he feels he is drawing his beloved home Province closer to them. To see the typical riverman astride his tool, booming out his choruses in an inimitable manner which oftimes renders words superfluous, swaying audiences with the touching sentiment of the old ballads, one would take him for what he purports to be, a care-free, roving troubadour. As a matter of fact, he is in private life the most typical of French-Canadian fathers and husbands in his attachment to his family and his home in Montreal, the one drawback he experiences in the work in which he has wholeheartedly and enthusiastically thrown himself being that he has to stray from them so frequently.

"Cowboy" Bishop Knows How to Deal With Juveniles

THE Right Reverend H. Allan Gray, Anglican Bishop of Edmonton—the "Cowboy Bishop"—celebrated forty years of service in the church recently.

Clerk—cowboy—"newsie"—bishop—judge—his has certainly been a many-sided career.

BISHOP GRAY

It was in June, 1885, that H. A. Gray, clerk, reached Calgary from Great Britain and took up ranching in the foothills on the Elbow River; and it was in April, 1889, now forty years ago, that he was licensed by the Anglican Bishop of Calgary as a lay reader.

At this time life in the West was not lacking in excitement, even in danger. The C.P.R. had just finished construction work, and the camps were disbanded. Many of the men of these construction gangs were not included among the "elite" of the land. In fact not a few had come West to "get away from their pasts." When the work was finished hundreds of men were turned loose with rolls of money and dubious reputations. Many settled around Calgary, and an epidemic of murders, cattle thieving and other crimes occurred, which finally was cleaned up by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

All this made traveling hazardous, and everyone carried a revolver, though the Bishop confesses many of them could not hit a haystack. "We had a wonderful armoury of shotguns, rifles and pistols, for my partner was a crack shot," the Bishop relates, "but I couldn't hit a barn door. My partner wanted me to go out shooting with him, but I couldn't walk, and when we sighted the game I was too out of breath to shoot, so my desire to become a sportsman was nipped in the bud."

On account of the ill-health of his mother, who lived with him and who had to return to England, the Bishop had to give up ranching and in 1892 he entered St. John's College, Winnipeg, from which, three years later, he was graduated in arts and philosophy, or, as he says, "thus giving up horses and cattle for the care of sheep."

Ordained deacon June 16, 1895, by Bishop Pinkham of Calgary, he was appointed to Holy Trinity Church in South Edmonton—now the little Church of St. John the Evangelist, and in charge of Rev. W. Everard Edmonds, priest, schoolmaster and historical writer.

Ordained priest in 1896, in April of the year following he became rector of All Saints' Church, Edmonton, where he remained for seventeen years, having been created archdeacon in 1907, and in 1914, on the fifth ballot, the first Bishop of Edmonton.

A boy at heart despite his forty years of service, Bishop Gray always has devoted a very large share of his energies to work among boys. Himself a licensed newsboy, holding badge No. 1, the keen-witted newsies still are very close to his heart.

He established and ran a boys' club for four or five years, until he no longer could spare the time from the duties of his rapidly-growing diocese; but when it became necessary to resign from the club's management he organized a boys' brigade and, later, a boys' cadet corps in connection with All Saints' Church, which lasted "until the schools took over cadet training and did it very badly," when he took up Boy Scout work instead. In this movement he became district and then provincial commissioner, and when he retired he was awarded by the Governor-General of Canada, Chief Scout, the highly-coveted decoration of the Silver Wolf, the highest decoration of the Scout movement in the world, only two or three of which are held in Canada.

His skill in handling boys and in attaining and retaining their trust and good-will was recognized when, twenty years ago, he was appointed to be judge of the juvenile court.

Miss Mayo Continues Indian Series of Disclosures

"SLAVES of the Gods" might almost be called an appendix to Miss Katherine Mayo's "Mother India." Its twelve stories or studies drive home by concrete examples the general moral the author sought to enforce in her larger work. What her title means she explains through the lips of an English woman hospital surgeon in one of the most ghastly of the tales.

"No walls of stone, no iron bars, were ever so impregnable as the walls that shut these Hindu women in. Their dungeons are built of fear—built of their own thought—built of tradition, of despair, of ignorance that betlar things exist. Built even of pride, God help them! Pride in their very slavery—no police, no government, by passing of laws or by use of force can loosen those bonds. For the bonds are forged for their religion and as such exalted within their own minds."

And in support of this indictment of Hindu religion we have brief narratives "taken from real life" describing a "suttee," infanticide, the agonies of child wives and widows, the degradation of the devadasis, the dancing girls kept for immoral purposes in temples, the woes of the "untouchables," or outcaste population, and the sufferings of the half-starved sacred cows.

Readers of "Mother India" will be familiar with the qualities of Miss Mayo's style—its pictorial power, its vigorous concision and the art with which a significant detail is plucked from a mass of irrelevance and set in the most telling position. These qualities find full scope in "Slaves of the Gods," and they are bound to impress the imagination deeply and painfully. The craftsmanship of the stories is not to be contested. Yet if we ask whether, as pure fiction, they have the stuff of immortality, whether it is probable that they will continue to be read for their own sake when the evils they illuminate have at last been purged from Indian life, we cannot answer so confidently. They lack the impartiality of the highest art. Miss Mayo certainly has a defence to offer for giving a one-sided view, she declares that "great and varied is the bibliography of Hinduism's idealistic beauties. Is the space of a second small volume, then, too much to allot to a few of its mortal woes?" That may be a sound plea for a reformer; it is not a good maxim for an artist. Life takes revenge for these simplifications by making the picture look lopsided. One of the best of Miss Mayo's tales is "Maggot to Man," which relates in quite a Kiplingesque vein how the "Untouchable" scavengers attached to a certain Indian regiment were transformed into soldiers, and heroes, too, by an understanding medical officer. The tale is a relief, because here for once Hindus are held up for our admiration, not for our anger or pity. Was there not room for more of this is the book than Miss Mayo has allowed us?

It remains true, none the less, that the evidence on which Miss Mayo bases herself in depicting the plague spots of Hindu life has remained substantially unshaken; Mr. Gandhi, for example has admitted that "We may repudiate the charge as it has been framed by her, but we may not repudiate the substance underlying the many allegations she has made." If that is so, it must be to the good that Miss Mayo should brand the abuses she wishes to see corrected with all the force of her style and imagination. Between her stories of the "Slaves of the Gods" she has inserted many quotations from leading Indian reformers showing their determination to work against these very evils. They lend strength to the appeal Miss Mayo makes in her last pages "To the Woman of Hindu India:

"Let us of the West, then, be your friends, with frankness and with honesty, and not with a veil of deception between us. We believe that nothing good is hurt, while much evil is cured by the broad light of the sun."

Europe's Mystery Man Once Taken for a Lunatic

ONE of the wealthiest men in the world was once taken for a madman. Sir Basil Zaharoff is known as the mystery man of Europe. For years he has been a power behind thrones and statesmen. He controls Vickers, the great British munitions firm. He owns most of Monte Carlo, the gambling place. So completely does he conceal all happenings pertaining to himself that when his wife died at a fashionable watering place, no one knew it for thirty-six hours. It is not known for certain how old he is, where he was born, or who were his parents. He rose from obscurity to wealth by securing a huge Spanish munitions contract for Vickers through the influence, it was rumored, of the lady whom he married some forty years later.

One day this strange man was strolling through the French Museum of Natural History. He observed that it was badly in need of repairs and restoration. He called an attendant and asked him how much it would cost to have this done, and the man said that it would run into half a million francs.

So Zaharoff, right on the spot, took out his pen and cheque book, wrote a cheque for one hundred thousand francs, handed it to the attendant and went out. For days and weeks the cheque lay on the desk of the curator, because neither the curator nor the attendant had ever heard of Zaharoff, and both took it quite for granted that the little piece of paper had been scribbled by a lunatic.

Sir Basil—he was knighted by King George, by the way—has had some thrilling escapes. During the war the Germans put a big price on his head. Though he was usually carried on voyages by a British destroyer, there was one occasion when it was necessary for him to use an ordinary Mediterranean liner. She was stopped by a German submarine, whose captain came aboard. He and his men went straight to Zaharoff's cabin and dragged out the badly scared individual they found there, took him into the submarine and submerged. Two hours later Zaharoff, cool, smoking a big cigar, walked up to the astounded captain of the liner.

"Ah, captain," he said, "that secretary of mine is a most useful fellow."

Statesman's Personality Appears in Story of Bird Sanctuary

LORD GREY, who was British Foreign Secretary when the Great War broke out, maintains a bird sanctuary on his estate at Fallodon, and since retiring from politics he has spent much of his time studying his feathered friends. Once, after a trying period in the political arena — politics were always trying to this distinguished statesman — he returned to his beloved estate to write.

VISCOUNT GREY

"I came home once in December after an absence of some months and found that there was a pair of teal which had been in the habit of coming to feed with my waterfowl when no one was present. They were wild, and when I showed myself at one pond they flew to the other, and so forth. Gradually, however, they began to come out and watch the feeding of the others every evening. They came cautiously around behind the trunk of a beech tree, by a route that none of the other birds took, and drew nearer and nearer every evening until, after some four weeks, they came up a little behind me, a little to the right, and about four yards from me, and I got them to pick up the grain I threw.

"That went on for some weeks. In March they went away, presumably to breed somewhere else. In August I was standing at the end of one pond when a drake teal in eclipse came flying and lit about ten yards from me. I thought, of course, that he had not seen me, and as soon as he saw me he would fly off. He took a look round, and when he saw me he never offered to fly away but began to preen his feathers. I thought, 'That is the little drake come back again. I shall know at feeding time in the evening.' At feeding time he came out with the other birds and picked up the grain.

"I could not be sure he was the same drake, but about the duck I can be sure. The drake stayed, came out of the eclipse, and got his full breeding plumage, but there was no sign of the duck until November. In November I was walking along the bank when a little duck teal flew off the bank and out on to the water a few yards. It remained there while I passed. I thought, 'That must be the little duck come back for the Winter. I shall see her at feeding time in the evening.' In the evening I sat at the foot of a big larch as usual, and the little duck teal came out of the pond just in the same way as she had come in the previous Winter. She came round the trunk of the beech by a route no other ducks took, and stood at the same angle and at the same distance as she had done before, and began picking up the grain I threw."

The astonishing simplicity of the foregoing nature notes by Lord Grey reflect his character. No more unaffected man ever entered the Mother of Parliaments. Like his notes on his ducks, his speeches on momentous questions were marked by simplicity, but it has often been said that when he had made a speech the members of the House of Commons prepared to go. Few of his utterances were ever challenged. Few ever needed to be challenged.

Order stakes, tools, sprays, fertilizers, etc., to have on hand when needed.

Winnipeg's New Police Magistrate Is Witty Speaker

HIS WORSHIP R. B. GRAHAM, K.C.

By G. V. COMBE

THOSE who know him invariably speak of of His Worship, R. B. Graham, K.C., police magistrate of Winnipeg, as "undoubtedly the finest after-dinner speaker in the West." And they know exactly what they mean. So does Mr. Graham. For "Bob" has endeared himself to the entire city by giving it what it should have—facts, yes, but facts sugar-coated with rich humor, deep pathos, keen observation, nice discrimination and sterling patriotism. Yet these are artistically underlain by a perception that an after-dinner speech, like an after dinner mint, is a modern custom often sadly abused. He knows that such a talk is designed to aid good digestion, good fellowship, good citizenship and sounder business relationships. Life has salvaged the after-dinner speech from the ashes of Johnsonian orgies and discerning men like Mr. Graham justify its continued existence.

Mr. Graham is not of the professional vintage of banquet speaker. His bonhomie is effervescent, yet under discipline to an alert mind and the occasion. He is, or was, before his elevation to the bench last month equally effective in addressing a court, a troop of Boy Scouts, a women's meeting, a fraternal society, a cynical press club, a political convention or a service club. And all feel that he at least of all men understands and sympathises with their aims. And he does—or he wouldn't be there. He knows human nature and would not, for example, extol the virtues of William of Orange before the Knights of Columbus.

This phase of his character is well illustrated by a daily luncheon association into which he drifted during the latter years of the war. At a certain Winnipeg hotel, "George," the head waiter, found it good business to reserve a large table for sixteen or so cronies who named themselves "The Ragamuffins." The group was drawn from newspaper, grain, law, commission, retail store and railroad circles—men representative of a successful cross-section of the community. All were too old for service overseas and too honest to accept "home colonelcies." "Bob" was the moving spirit, the unconscious moving spirit, of this circle. It was never complete until he arrived, no matter how late the hour. And it was always a failure if he couldn't attend. Small table talk occupied the gathering until he had drawn up his chair. Then all tongues became silent while "Bob" talked. Of matter light and trivial, yes, but always worthwhile since they had been enriched from the storehouse of his genial and whimsical personality.

Approaching his sixtieth year, Mr. Graham carries his Winters like a well-preserved young buck of forty-five. Nova Scotia, his birth province, has not produced many more versatile sons. At twenty-seven he went to Manitoba, living at Killarney for six years. Then he moved to Winnipeg to join the staff of the Attorney-General. He soon became assistant-deputy and later deputy in that department. He resigned in 1913 to become Crown prosecutor for Winnipeg.

The Gateway City never had a more effective advocate of law enforcement. In that position he has shown a vigor and independence of red tape which has arrested public attention. To him the human element in the dock is more worthwhile than any mere criminal code. For example, he was the first man in Canada to advocate a good, old-fashioned spanking for youthful offenders. More than once the bench has agreed to give suspended sentence on his suggestion, providing "delinquent fathers" came to court to apply a stout leathern strap as a corrective on some "wild boy's" anatomy. He is strictly opposed to sending a young offender to prison or industrial school until the erring one has felt the full force of "physical suasion." Nothing namby-pamby or new-fangled about his cosmic scheme for the youth of the world.

Many a reputation was ruined in Winnipeg during the perilous days of the 1919 general strike. As Crown prosecutor, Mr. Graham retained friendship of both sides—and in those days men were required to declare their stand, with no pussyfooting either in words or deeds. When the smoke of battle had cleared away the figure of Mr. Graham could be discerned pleading for conciliation and the removal of causes for complaint, particularly in the Winnipeg police department and commission.

Joe—Have you ever been in a railway accident?

Jim—Yes. Once when I was in a train and we went through a tunnel I kissed the father instead of the daughter.

Lady—The last time I gave you money you promised you wouldn't walk straight to a saloon and spend it.

Tramp—Don't you know the difference between a walk and a run, lady?

Corinna Tries Again

The Story of a Man Who Said He Understood Women

By ALICE DUER MILLER
Illustrated by Rex Maxon

FROM all his intimate friends Daner received full sympathy when he told them of his daughter's imprudent engagement . . . no, he refused to call it that . . . her silly fancy for a young man in his office, Peter Marley, his private secretary.

From only one of his friends did he get no comfort, and she was the one from whom he desired it most. Mrs. Sandon was a slim widow of forty-two, with eyes just as clearly turquoise-colored as they had been when she was fourteen. Mr Daner intended to marry her at first opportunity; by which he meant the first time that she said anything more encouraging than, "No, my dear Edmond, certainly not."

It was to her apartment that he hurried after a peculiarly trying scene with his child, although Mrs. Sandon was to dine with him that very evening and go to see a new play; but his lacerated feelings demanded belm.

He went over the situation for the hundredth time, and, seeing the cool detachment of those crystalline eyes he found himself using words of more and more exaggeration.

"It's a catastrophe, that's what it is," he said.

"Well, is it?" said Mrs. Sandon gently. "He must be able and honest, or you would not keep him as your secretary; and he must be attractive, or Corinna, who has had a good deal of experience with young men, would not want to marry him."

Her logic annoyed him almost as much as her detachment. "Good gracious, Ruth," he said, "you have no more respect for my opinion of men and things than if I were a boy. I am telling you . . ."

Different Angles

SHE interrupted. "I have a great deal of respect for your opinion," she said. "But I feel that I am getting your opinion of the boy, not as a husband for your daughter, but as a son-in-law for yourself."

"Isn't it the same thing?"

"Not at all the same. You would get no fun from saying 'My daughter, Mrs. Marley'—is that his name? But you would get a great deal of fun out of saying 'My daughter, Viscountess this or that.' You know, Edmond, you are a bit of a snob about titles.

Mr. Daner took up his defence, stating that he was not a snob, that he cared nothing for titles, that a person was a fool who did not know that social position was a valuable asset and that there was no such guarantee of social position as a good title. Then finding, perhaps, something slightly contradictory in his statements, he abandoned this point entirely and said that he was injured by his daughter's conduct, because there had been deceit. "I was not even told they knew each other. Oh yes, I did see them meet at my office, but I had no reason to suppose they were meeting constantly and then one day I went to Boston on business and, when I got home, I heard he had been to visit her the moment my back was turned and had fallen down my front steps and broken his leg, and that they were engaged to be married. They did not tell me they were falling in love."

Mrs. Sandon smiled. "It isn't a thing people do tell—the first stages of a love affair—except those terrible people who want an audience for their every emotion. Perhaps they did not know it themselves."

"In other words," said Mr. Daner bitterly, "you think it all satisfactory?"

"No, not if you are unhappy about it," she returned, "but I am trying to point out that things might be worse."

"Great heavens!" cried Mr. Daner. "I tell you my daughter is entangled with a mercenary employee of mine, and your answer is it might be worse."

Seeing his distress she asked what he intended to do.

Abroad for Six Months

IT appeared he intended to take Corinna abroad for a year, for six months anyhow. "She owes me at least that—to be willing to wait six months before making a marriage of which I so heartily disapprove. Don't you think so?"

"Yes I think she might do that," said Mrs. Sandon.

"Well, she absolutely refuses. I can't do anything with her. I was wondering, Ruth, if you would have a talk with her. What? You're always shaking your head. You would not do even that much for me?"

"I won't do it, because it wouldn't be any use," she returned. "I like Corinna, but I haven't any real relation with her; and you can't suddenly do anything with an entirely artificial relation. She would just think of me as an interfering old woman. She would hate it, and so should I."

"It seems I cannot depend on you to help me in a crisis."

"Well, I will tell you how to get your own way, if that is helping you."

"How?" he asked.

"You have only to shed a few tears."

"Shed tears, cry?" exclaimed Mr. Daner, frowning, and then he smiled at her mere feminine ridiculousness.

There was a short silence. Mrs. Sandon did not say that the last times she refused him she had seen tears in his eyes. "Well, try it," she said.

He became superior. "Ah, my dear," he answered, "that's a feminine method, not a masculine."

"As a feminine method it's quite overrated," she returned. "Men are used to women's tears, but women are very weak when a man cries."

He laughted grandly at her absurdity and went home to take up his great problem.

The Disagreement

IT was almost time for him to be dressing for an early dinner, but, finding his daughter in the library, he decided to say a friendly word to her; and the friendly word led almost instantly to an unfriendly one, and so, within five minutes, they were disputing the point at issue, both of them quite oblivious of time.

Corinna was one of those white-skinned brunettes. Her hair was a crisp black, but her eyes were grey. Seeing her sitting there, so elegant and lovely, so much the most valuable of all his possessions, her father broke out: "It's simply pathetic; you, who have always been so fastidious about things that didn't matter, now to throw yourself away on this inferior boy!"

"Oh, oh," cried Corinna. "I leave it to any one whether he is inferior. But, even if he were, what does that matter? The point is that I'm in love with him."

"You've been in love before, or thought you were."

"Never."

"You've been engaged before. You won't deny that."

"Oh, father, really, how dare you bring that up, when I only said that I would consider it, in order to oblige you?"

"Well, a girl doesn't engage herself, even at her father's suggestion, unless she has an inclination toward the young man."

"I got out of it fast enough. Oh, I think that's most unjust. You both bettered me down; but this time, with Peter, I provided all the initiative. I practically proposed to him."

And so, after a few feints and brushes of this sort, they settled down to the real serious quarrel, which was on the question of her going abroad. Mr. Daner's point was that, if she were as sure of herself and Marley, there was no reason why she should not wait a year, or six months, as a favor to an aged and broken parent. Her point was that it would do no good and change nothing, but would cause both her and Peter excruciating agony to be separated.

A Father's Suffering

"AND do you ever think what my suffering is?" said her father. "For fourteen years now, ever since your mother's death, you have been the only being in the world whom I really loved. And you not only insist on doing what I believe to be suicidal, but you will not do me the small favor of taking a few months to think it over." And being touched, as we are apt to be, more by his own eloquence than by harsh facts, the tears stood in Mr. Daner's eyes

Corinna had never seen her father cry, had never supposed that such a thing was possible; she was shocked. She said instantly: "Oh, father, I'm so sorry. Of course, I will go abroad. It almost breaks my heart, but I will . . . not for six months, but for three. I will go for three months."

The door opened, and Munster said, with his habitual detachment: "Mrs. Sandon."

Corinna, with one of those impulses of family solidarity, stepped between her father and his guest. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Mrs. Sandon," she said. "I kept father talking, and he isn't dressed, and I'm going to be awfully late for dinner, but it's all my fault."

Mr. Daner murmured that he'd be down in a minute and went upstairs. He had no sense of danger in doing this, indeed, he would have said that he desired nothing so much as that they should become friends, and he did not reflect that, separated as they were by twenty years, they had only one bond; their profound esoteric knowledge of his character.

Corinna had never seen her father cry, had never supposed that such a thing was possible; she was shocked.

Idle, Extravagant Girls

MRS SANDON'S point of view about Corinna was that she did not doubt that she herself had been like that when she was young, but she simply could not take much interest in idle, extravagant girls. Corinna's opinion of Mrs. Sandon was that she was probably the best of them, if father really meant to remarry, but she hoped he'd wait until she had married first. Yet, with this rather unpromising beginning, as they looked at each other, they were both aware that they, out of the whole world, were the only two who understood Edmond Daner, and that, if they stood together, he would be powerless

Nothing of the kind was said, however. Corinna remarked: "Poor father. I suppose he has told you what a time he is having with me."

And Mrs. Sandon answered, "Yes, he did mention that he did not approve of your engagement and that he wanted you to go abroad and think it over."

"So silly, but I said I would," answered Corinna. "I don't know why I did."

Mrs. Sandon knew why she had—because no woman can resist a man's tears; but she did not say this. She said, "Oh, I think you had to yield that much."

And suddenly Corinna found herself describing Peter. He was so wise and strong, and very good-looking She told how they had first met when she went down to her father's office to speak to him about a bill she had run up, and young Mr. Marley had understood she was looking for a job and had scolded her and had given her some excellent advice—rather romantic, wasn't it? And he was so eager to succeed and had been going to have his salary raised on the first of the month . . . and it might be his whole career . . .

The sound of Mr. Daner's footsteps was heard before she had finished. Mrs. Sandon held up one finger in token that that she was going to say something important. "Go abroad," she said, "and if you can forget, forget; but, in any case, make your father promise that the young man shan't lose his job."

Unthought-Of Danger

CORINNA would never have foreseen this danger, but, when it was pointed out to her, she recognised the likelihood of it.

She recognised it all the more when she spoke to her father on the subject; the very tone in which he said he could not pledge himself to retain anyone in his employ, if he should turn out unsatisfactory, proved to her that his plan was to get rid of Peter at once.

Corinna was very firm. "I will not go abroad, Father," she said, "unless you promise me that Peter will be in his old position when I get back."

And he, reluctantly, promised.

Eager as Mr. Daner was to get away, maddened as he was by knowledge that Corinna was spending every leisure moment at the bedside of his broken-legged secretary, he could not tear himself free from all his involvements under a month. In that month Corinna and Mrs. Sandon met several times.

Corinna took Mrs. Sandon to see Peter, because she wanted the triumphant vindication of another woman's opinion that Peter was great and fascinating. The meeting was a great success. At least, when Corinna turned to her companion with the questioning look of one who has just shown another the eighth wonder of the world, Mrs. Sandon answered, "Well, my dear, I don't believe I should ever have promised to go abroad, if I were you." At which Corinna burst into tears, but tears more of joy than regret.

" . . . you know these are not our chairs. I always sit on the starboard side going over and—." "Oh, aren't they?" said Corinna, beaming up at him with filial adoration. "Father, dear, this is Lord Axley."

All at Sea

THE boat sailed at midnight and, when Corinna woke the next morning, they were at sea. She felt exhausted by all the emotions of the last few weeks and decided that she would stay in bed the whole way over. But her plans were changed. The stewardess brought her a wireless. "Oh, my darling," she thought and tore it open, but the name signed was Mrs. Sandon's: Marley dismissed this morning with two months' pay."

Corinna was still considering this news when her maid appeared to put her cabin to rights. She spoke of the fact that she had found another maid aboard, one of her oldest friends, and that the third steward came from the same town in Devonshire that she came from, and then she mentioned that poor young Lord Axley was on board. "My father was gardener to his father, the poor old gentleman."

Corinna came very slightly out of her trance and said, "Lord Axley, Amanda?"

"Yes, miss. Not Lord Axley, of Mindisham—not the earl, but that poor, unfortunatae young gentleman, Baron Axley, of Piggescombe, I told you of."

Corinna tried to remember, but Amanda's tales were many, and no one stood out. "The one who ran off with the tightrope dancer in Ceylon?" she asked.

"Oh, no, miss," said Amanda, "that was Viscount Perot's daughter. No, this poor young gentleman—well, miss, he cheated at cards at his club and was caught, as they say, redhanded, and never been able to live at home since, and he's a very pleasant young gentleman, miss, they say, only weak."

Corinna suddenly sat straight up. "I'll get up, Amanda," she said, "and I'll wear that new sports dress, the light blue and silver one. What does he look like, your young cardsharper?"

"Oh, he's very handsome, miss, and over six foot tall."

Distinguishing Traits

ALL the time she was dressing, Corinna was extracting distinguishing traits of the baron from her maid's description, but Amanda was not an artist in words, and Corinna could not form a complete picture.

About half past ten she stepped out upon the deck, a perfect picture of innocent, friendly girlhood, and as most people at that hour were either still in their cabins, or else exercising on deck, she was able to institute a thorough search of the names on the deck chairs. At last she flung herself down in a chair not marked with her own name, and waited.

She did not have to wait long She saw him coming the length of the deck, a very tall man in a tweed suit. He went to his chair and dumped some magazines and was about to go on his way when suddenly all Corinna's paraphernalia of books, scarfs, knitting, and a purse crashed to the deck. The young man turned, stooped, observed a singularly pretty girl and presently sank into his chair at her side.

When Mr Daner sauntered out on deck he found his daughter engaged in animated conversation with a handsome stranger

He stopped beside her. "I have been looking everywhere for you," he said, "you know these are not our chairs. I always sit on the starboard side going over and—"

"Oh, aren't they," said Corinna, beaming up at him with filial adoration. "Father, dear, this is Lord Axley."

She was proud to see her father was not too cordial

"Do you want to walk a bit, Corinna?" he asked, after a moment.

"Oh, yes, father," she returned, and they left the young man in undisputed possession of his own steamer chair.

"Who is this young man?"

"You know everything that I do He said his name was Axley." And she added, "Is there such a place as Mindisham?"

In the Peerage

HER father did not know whether there was or not, but Corinna was sure that, when they parted, he would look up the name of Axley in the peerage. Indeed, looking in through the library window, she saw him bent over the thick gold and red volume.

Corinna saw a great deal of Lord Axley for the next three days. She would have behaved in much the same way, if Axley had bored her, but he did not bore her. He had a gift of companionability. Educated and a gentleman, he had yet worked as a day laborer, sailed before the mast, and generally roughed it in all parts of the world. If Corinna had not been armored in her first wild love for Peter Marley, she might heve been in some danger.

But, in her revengeful state of mind, perhaps the pleasantest feature in the situation was her father's tactfully veiled delight.

Lord Axley was to get off at Cherbourg, and the last evening he invited her to take a stroll on deck after dinner, with a manner neither more not less casual than his habitual manner. As they walked, they talked of interesting things, as they always did . . .

Then they had stopped and leaned their elbows on the rail, and he had said, "I'd like to ask your advice about a friend I expect to see in a few days. Poor fellow, he's done for himself. I don't know how it is in the States, but in England there are mistakes you can make that finish you worse than any crime.

Atone for Crime

"AFTER all, you can go to prison for a crime and some people think you atone for it, but these other things . . . Well, this fellow did one of them at nineteen—pretty young, what? And he's been meandering about over the face of the earth, but not so unhappy at that . . . until the poor fool fell in love, real thing you know, pure young girl, and with money, to make it harder. What do you think he ought to do, just go away in silence . . . or . . ."

"Yes, I should think so, said Corinna hastily. Somehow, she had never thought of this possibility, that be might fall in love with her and confess; that he would see it would be his redemption to marry her, yes, but to fall in love with her . . . if he were in love . . .

"Don't be too hasty," he said. "There is the other thing, you know, the possibility that, if he made a clean breast of it, she might forgive him and agree to start fresh with him and all that sort of tosh, you know. Perhaps, to make it quite clear, I ought to tell you that it was cards. This fellow had learned to do card tricks, and at last the moment came when he was having rotten luck, and he needed particularly to win . . ."

"Lord Axley," said Corinna, her voice not perfectly steady, "I really mustn't let you go on, because I know what you want to tell me. I knew it before we met."

"You knew it?" he said, and his eyes opened in hope. "Why, then, you can't—"

"No," she said. "I'm sorry, but it doesn't mean what you think. I have been using you for my own purpose, which was for revenge."

Not an Easy Story

HERS was not an easy story to tell to a man who had just made her a sincere declaration of affection—that she was in love with another man and using this one only as a terrible example to her father of how much worse she might do. But she stumbled through it.

"I see," said Axley. "It was just because I was so impossible that I was so useful to you."

There was a long silence. She felt terribly guilty. She longed to do something to atone, but any kindly words sounded so patronising

And that moment, Mr. Drake, a friend of her father, approached them and asked if they wouldn't like to make up a rubber of bridge. The afternoon before Corinna had played a rubber with some of Mr. Drake's friends, and, as Mr. Drake's partner, she had not enjoyed the experience. After each hand he pointed out mildly, but at great length, where a game might have been made, if Corinna had bid right. Bidding right meant bidding according to the requirements of his hand at the moment—

"Oh, yes," she said, "Lord Axley and I would like nothing better." And as they walked toward the saloon she murmured to Axley, "And I should like to play with you." Her confidence in him was not misplaced. They cut in the following order: Mr Drake a queen, her father a four, she a three and Lord Axley the only card that would have made him her partner, a two.

Enjoyed the Game

THERE could be no denying that Corinna enjoyed the game It is always pleasant to win, but it is even pleasanter when you feel a moral purpose is being served by your success, and also when you find your opponents quarrel ungracefully. Mr Daner was not so meek under correction as she had been. When he was asked, "Why in thunder did you double, my dear Daner?" he would answer: "Because I did not suppose you would be bidding two with nothing but five to a king." Mr. Drake would dismiss this with a wave and say: "It's a psychological game, Daner. I play my lucky streaks." But he did not seem to be having a lucky streak that evening; his finesses all went wrong, whereas Lord Axley's always went right.

As they ended the last rubber, Mr. Drake spoke words that had never before fallen from his lips. "I believe I don't bid right," he said. I believe I shall take some lessons when I go home." He had lost over four hundred dollars, at moderate stakes. Between Corinna and her father, financial debts had not much meaning.

Corinna and Axley parted there with a very casual good night. When about noon the next day, Mr. Daner, having been busy with his packing and letter writing, emerged on deck, he looked vainly for a tall figure, slumped as was customary, in the chair beside his daughter. Corinna was reading.

"Where is our young friend, the earl?" said her father at last.

Corinna looked up sweetly and blinked her eyes. "Lord Axley," she said. "Oh, he got off at Cherbourg."

"What!" cried her father. He was not wholly able to conceal that this news was a disappointment, almost a shock, and Corinna had every excuse for asking, "Did you like him so much, father?"

"Yes, I did," said Mr. Daner firmly. "I liked him very much. Didn't you?"

"You make me very happy, father," she murmured. "We haven't always agreed about my friends. I'm so glad that this time we do." Her voice sank. "I like him, too," she almost whispered.

"Well, it doesn't seem to matter much whether we do or not," replied Mr. Daner; "if he's got off at Paris, we may never see him again."

Shy Confidence

CORINNA smiled. "Oh, I think we'll see him again," she said with a sort of shy confidence. "We'll be in Paris before so very long ourselves. It seems," she added, after a short pause that added enormous significance to her words, "it seems that his mother is living at Nice. He wanted to see her, of course, father."

It was a simple statement, but one that was enormously significant to Mr. Daner. He felt wise and successful, a man who played not lightly, but expertly, with human psychology. Hardly a week, and the trick was turned. Finally he said:

"My dear child, you don't give me your full confidence, and I don't ask it, but let me say this: if you are worrying about any complication at home, I'll take care of that—leave it all to me."

"How would you take care of it?"

Mr. Daner made a great, free gesture. "Just leave it to me. I would find some method of compensation."

"For losing me, father?" She smiled at him. He was glad she took his meaning so quickly. "You mean a partnership?"

"The young man is hardly material for a partnership, especially in a firm like Daner, McCrue, but . . ."

"Why not? You find him such an excellent private secretary, one whom you mean to keep on indefinitely."

He did not answer. A second chance had come to him to confess that he had broken his word, and he did not take it. Nothing further was said. Late that afternoon they landed and took the train for London, where Mr. Daner had engaged his accustomed suite at the Berkeley. The next morning he had gone out as soon as he had had breakfast—a good solid breakfast with kippered herrings—to visit his banker, who was also his friend. Corinna attempted to calculate the length of time it would take him to walk to the bank to do his business, to bring the conversation round to a noble earl, and discover that it was not a noble earl, but a bad baron, with whom his daughter had apparently involved herself.

Bad News Travels

BUT she underestimated the rate at which bad news travels. Her father was back in the parlor of their suite before she was half dressed, calling loudly for her, and, when she went in, she found him standing there.

"Did that man tell you that he was of Mindisham?"

"Mindisham, father," said Corinna, "what is that? It sounds like a cheese."

"Did Axley tell you he was Axley, of Mindisham? Because if he did, he lied. He isn't. It turns out he is not a young man whose acquaintance is desired."

"Why, father," said Corinna, "I thought you liked him so much."

"Like him," said Mr Daner. "I'd like anyone who could make you forget that commonplace fellow at home. I must say, you haven't very good taste in men, Corinna. This fellow is a cardsharper. Yes, I don't wonder you're shocked."

"What shocks me, father, is your not remembering that I did not like him much until I had your approval. I said to myself, when I first felt attracted to him, I'll consult my father first. I'll never make the mistake of taking a fancy to anyone without the stamp of his approval, but it seems, after all . . ." Corinna melted into tears, vowing that she could not give up Axley, maybe it was all a slander about his cheating at cards; she pleaded with her father not to be hasty; she even went down on her knees, begging to be allowed one final interview with Axley. "Give

(Continued on Next Page)

Thursday's Child

He Was Married, and So That Was That—

By JACK LAIT

IF Monday's child is fair of face, Ella might have been born on a Monday; if Tuesday's child is full of grace, Ella might have been born on a Tuesday; if Wednesday's child is full of woe, Ella might have been born on a Wednesday; but she was born on a Thursday, so she was Thursday's child, and had far to go. And Thursday was a good day for it, since Ella was a maid, and Thursday is the day when the maids go—out.

On the particular Thursday here discussed, she had several miles to go; to the home of her aunt-by-marriage, far out in the suburbs and a goodly ride from the apartment of Hillary Houck, where she worked for a living as though she had been Saturday's child.

It was not Aunt Blanche that attracted Ella for her night out. In Aunt Blanche's house she would meet Bill. And Bill was the big thing in Ella's circumscribed, otherwise unpleasant existence.

Mrs. Houck was a shrewdish, sickly, fussy little woman. When she was around, Ella was the subject of nagging, scolding, fussing and complaining. But Ella was better satisfied when she was there. Because when she wasn't, Hillary Houck pestered her with unsubtle attempts to make love to her. And Ella loathed him with cold contempt and hot hatred

On this fateful Thursday Mrs. Houck had gone off to one of her many club meetings. She was a "worker" in numerous causes, a mixer and a joiner of intensity and energy.

After Dinner Diversions

DINNER over, she had darted off, leaving Ella to wash the dishes and straighten up, and leaving Hillary (she thought) to calmly read his spicy fiction magazine. But Hillary didn't read long. He sauntered out to the kitchen to annoy Ella.

Ella's thoughts were of Bill—big, handsome, wholesome Bill. He hadn't asked her to be his wife, but she had high hopes. Bill was only a chauffeur, but he was studying mechanics and hoped to get a better job at more pay. He went to night school—but not on Thursdays.

Bill lived with his mother, near Aunt Blanche's. Folks there were neighborly, and he met Ella at her relative's home. Thereafter he never missed calling Thursday evening. And Ella never missed going to Aunt Blanche's.

So Ella was hurrying on, because as soon as the last dish had been slid into the rack and the last dustpanful had been emptied in the waste box, she was free to fly for her bus.

But Hillary Houck ambled in. On his uninspiring face was a smile aimed to be alluring. He wore a striped housegown. Ella looked up, pulled a little silent sigh, and went on about her business. Hillary stood, hands in his pockets, contemplating her. Finally he spoke.

"Well, good-looking, what's on for tonight? Big date, I suppose."

"No, sir—just going to my aunt's."

"And if I don't believe, then what? Don't tell me a hot mamma like you is spending your night off with any aunt."

She didn't answer.

Plenty of Sheiks

"WHY, you could get plenty of sheiks to take you for joyrides and to cabarets and shows and whatnot. I know—h'm—I know I would."

"Thanks. But I'm going to my aunt's."

"Oh, I couldn't take you out tonight. Must make preparations for things like that. But next Thursday—I could stay downtown, and when you're off you could meet me, and——"

"No, thanks, Mr. Houck. I wouldn't do that."

"Oh, the madam wouldn't get wise."

"That isn't what makes me say no."

"What else, then? I'd show you a good time—take you places where you've never been and probably never will be otherwise——"

"I don't go around with married men."

"Nonsense. That's an old-fashioned storybook gag. Puritan stuff. You're not a Puritan, are you? Are you?"

"I'm a respectable, decent girl, if that's what you want to know."

"Of course you are. I believe you. That's why I took such a shine to you. I don't like fly, tough jennies. But that needn't stop you from taking a chance with me—somewhere outside, where we can talk things over, where we have atmosphere—maybe a drink or two to raise our spirits——"

"I never drink."

Some Cracked Ice

"TUT, tut. I know a little place where they can take a few drops out of a few bottles, drop in some cracked ice, shake it up, and out comes a cocktail that tastes like nobody's business."

"Anyway—not my business."

"Come, come now, Ella. Quit being so hard-to-get. Don't you like me—at all—not a little bit?"

"I have nothing against you—as long as you leave me alone. I don't think you ought to come here in the kitchen and proposition me."

"That's because I'm fond of you. You interest me. I want to know you better—want to know more about you——"

"I can't see what about me could interest you—that I should listen to. We've never talked except on this one subject. What about me could arouse your curiosity?"

Hillary took a step closer.

"Your beauty. Your face, your form. You're pretty enough to be a duchess. You could make a Broadway show with your looks——"

"Sure. That's all that interests you. Well, I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, bothering your own servant-girl, you old enough to be my father, and with a wife of your own. You shouldn't make a fool of her behind her back, leaving out every other reason why you shouldn't be monkeying around me, interfering with my work——"

"But, you have all evening. You're only going to your aunt's house. Is she better company than I am?"

"If you'll pardon me, Mr. Houck, she is."

"Well—I'll say you're at least frank about it—even blunt."

The Information

"I DON'T know any good reason why I should hold the information out on you. You asked for it."

"Don't be a silly child—I'm wild about you, and—"

"And I got it . . . well, I don't believe it. I think it's because you work here, in this home, in my home, and know Mrs. Houck—that's why. If I'd met you somewhere else——"

"The answer would have been the same. I don't have affairs with married men, and you aren't my type—it would be funny."

The blood rushed to Houck's forehead.

"Oh—funny? What's so funny about it?" he demanded, as he advanced on Ella. "You mean I'm too old for a woman—a girl—to love me? I could have a hundred, just as good-looking as you——"

"Why don't you? If you can land that many, you surely don't need me."

"I don't need you. But you've challenged me. So I'm going to get you."

Ella turned her eyes and saw his. She shifted so that the enameled kitchen table was between them. Houck made a lunge at her, upsetting several utensils on the table. She recoiled and his grab missed her.

"I'll get you, you hear?" he reiterated. "What I want I get, and I want you."

"You let me alone, or you'll get what you don't want."

"Says who? Why, you little cutie, I could break you in half with my two hands. I could——"

"Don't you try it. I'll raise the roof if you touch me."

"No, you won't. I know your kind. You love to be chased—and caught. Come here—to me."

"Not on your life."

"Come here. You heard me. I'm going to kiss that pretty mouth if it's the last thing I do."

"If you do, it will be the last thing you'll do."

"Oh—a man-killer!"

"As much as you're a lady-killer!"

Rough Stuff Starts

"WE'LL see about that," hissed Houck. And he started around the table after her. In passing, Ella, now scared and angry, seized a broom. With one long sweep of his hand Houck knocked it out of her hold. Ella backed away and again circled the table, the man in pursuit, trying to finesse her into a position where the narrow sides of the table would be between them, at which strategic moment he intended throwing his arms around her and lifting her over to him.

As Ella, seeing the situation as clearly as he did, passed the corner, her hand slipped down, and, without taking her eyes off him for even a glance, her fingers closed on the handle of the butcher knife.

She held it, point at him, not in the manner of a desperado, but in a girlish way. The handle was against her breast. Her hand was trembling, her whole body was quivering, her lips were parted in an expression of terror rather than attack.

"Don't you come near me," she whispered, huskily. "I don't want to hurt you—but——"

A Wicked Sneer

HOUCK gripped the table with his two hands. He threw on a wicked sneer and looked her right in her eyes:

"Put down that knife! You can't scare me. Put it down. I don't like it."

"Then get out of here and stay out of here."

"Drop that knife. You wouldn't use it anyway."

"I don't want to. But——"

Houck changed his tactics.

"Don't be a silly child. I'm wild about you. I could give you everything—clothes, jewelry, money, comfort, luxury, a car—everything. You don't have to slop around with pots and pans. You understand?"

"Very clearly. I understand, Mr. Houck. I don't want any of that stuff——"

"Boloney. Every girl does."

"I don't want it from you."

"What do you care from whom, as long as you get it?"

"The price is too high?"

"How do you know? Who set a price?"

"I'm no idiot."

"I think you are—no, I don't think you are. I think you're play-acting just to run the price up."

"I wasn't talking about the price you want to pay for me—I meant the price you want me to pay to you."

"Oh, we'll settle that as we go along."

"We're not going along."

That Absurd Knife

"OH, yes we are . . . now put down that absurd knife. You start paying the price right here and right now—one I'll kiss in advance——"

"Over your dead body. There'll be no kisses in this kitchen tonight, Mr. Houck."

"There sure will—at least one."

"Then you'll have to wait for Mrs. Houck and bring her in here—nothing doing with me . . . and cut it short, because I have to finish and I have to go out——"

"Oh—yes? I remember. To your aunt's?"

"Right. To my aunt's . . . and there I'll meet the man I love."

"So-o-o-o! That's it. I guessed it. So you're in love? Gee, he must be something, that boso."

"You bet he is. And if he walked in here and heard you talk to me like you do, he'd throw you through that window and wouldn't stop to open it . . . Now maybe you understand—a lot of things——"

"Applesauce. I understand everything. But you know nothing. You're going to waste all that beauty, youth, on some yokel who'll make a slavey out of you. That can wait. That kind takes second rights—leavings——"

Ella strode toward him.

"Shut your mouth," she shrilled. "Don't you talk to me like that. You have no right to. Now, I've got a knife in my hand. And you're steaming me up. I never killed anybody, but I think I would——"

"You wouldn't kill a cockroach."

"I will if you don't leave me be."

"Put it down—put it down and come to your senses. I made you a fair and square proposition——"

She laughed—a sardonic, bitter laugh.

"——and you turned it down. Now I'll hand it to you again, and maybe you'll see some light: I want you, I'll take you out of this kitchen, I'll be kind and sweet and loving and generous and——"

Ella shook her head—in amazement at the man's stupidity rather than to express the negative.

"I wouldn't let you lay a finger on me," she exclaimed, "if you offered me a diamond carpet to walk on and a yacht. Can't you understand anything?"

"Everything. But so far I believe nothing."

"Well, then, listen to this and believe it: I'm going out of here in ten minutes—to my aunt's house—and to my Bill. And if you don't get out of here this minute, I'll come back in the morning and I'll—I'll——"

"Yes—yes; you'll what?"

On the Way

"I'LL tell your wife! Every word you said—every——"

"Whoa! I'm on my way . . . that knife means nothing in my young career. But that other knife you just pulled on me——"

"Mr. Houck, if you men could only realise or appreciate a small part of the protection you get from us girls, you might treat us with more respect; if we didn't give you so much protection, I know you would treat us with more respect.

"Can you imagine the panic that would hit this burg if every girl picked up only one telephone apiece and spilled into one ear what she knows about one man?

"It would turn this town so far upsidedown that half the population would be walking on their heads.

"But we don't. As a rule we keep our mouths shut. Just why, I don't just know. Maybe it's to spare the other woman. Maybe it's because we don't want to be cruel, even to those who lay themselves open for it and who have it good and coming to them.

"Of all the cases you know—all your own, I imagine, at least—how many times have you ever known one woman to tip off another to show up that other woman's man? Mighty few, I'll bet.

"Now, I'm with Mrs. Houck many hours every day—hours when you aren't here and wouldn't have a rabbit's chance to even put in a word, to tell one flimsy lie in your own defence.

"I've never peeped a syllable about your sneaky, snaky chasing-about your holding me up in my work and chiseling at the few hours of liberty I have away from this sink and these slops.

"But I'm losing my patience. I'm where I wouldn't hesitate to turn you up. And if you want to make your future life one endless hell for yourself, just take one more step toward me.

"There—I'll throw down the knife. I have a better weapon. Now listen to this, and I mean it:

"I swear it on my soul, Mr. Houck. If you say one more word to me I'll tell your wife!"

He turned and walked out—without a word.

Strange Mathematical Stunts "Done in the Head"

THE recent death in the Middle West of William Strong, lightning calculator, who could watch a string of freight cars go by and give the correct total of their car numbers, running into seven figures, as the rear truck of the last car flashed by, brings to mind the feats of another mathematician who could do most astonishing sums "in his head." His feats were rather the by-product of sound knowledge in the field of mathematics than mere "stunts" like those of the Peoria calculator. He could only be prevailed upon with difficulty to reveal his power of mental gymnastics.

This man was the late Professor Safford, head of the Department of Mathematics in Williams College. The students of his day loved to test his abilities. If they found him in a responsive mood, he would give the correct answer to an abstruse problem as fast as the proposition could be stated. His usual procedure was to leave his sitting-room, where the inquisitive guest was seated, run quickly up and down the first flight of stairs in his home and re-enter the living-room with the answer on his lips.

Once a wily undergraduate sought to trip him up. He took his own age as a test and laboriously worked out on paper the number of seconds he had lived from an exact birth hour to nine o'clock on the morning of the day in question. With his long calculation in his pocket he called on Professor Safford.

"Professor," he said, "I was born at such and such an hour of blank day, blank year. How old was I in the seconds at 9 a.m. today?"

The mathematician followed his usual custom, left the room, ran up and downstairs and returned with an answer, which was, of course, in the millions.

The answer did not agree with the careful sum which the student had in his pocket and he was triumphant.

"You're wrong, professor," he chuckled. "I have worked it out on paper and the answer is so and so."

"My boy," said Professor Safford, with but an instant's pause, "[illegible]u have forgotten the leap years."

Delicate [illegible]ompliment Appeale[illegible] to Premier of [illegible]uebec

ON the occasio[illegible] the sixty-second birthday of the Prem[illegible] of Quebec, which occurred when the Leg[illegible]tive Assembly was in session, the Hon. A[illegible]aschereau was presented with a basket of [illegible]autiful roses. There were sixty-two exquisi[illegible] blooms, every one a brilliant red. Ap[illegible]priate felicitations were voiced by Hon. A[illegible]alipeault, Minister of Public Works, and [illegible] Maurice Duplessis, M.P.P. for Three Rivers, who spoke for the Opposition. In making [illegible]itable acknowledgement of the floral tribute Premier Taschereau admitted and regre[illegible]d his age, and hinted that but for such ch[illegible]ing reminders as the basket now before him [illegible] would hardly be aware of the passage of [illegible]. "Though this is a personal and not a [illegible]litical tribute," he went on, "I cannot help [illegible]erving that it is very fortunate indeed fo[illegible] my kind friends that I am a Liberal instead [illegible]f a Conservative. I am a 'rouge,' and the [illegible] flowers are also red. Such delicacy, howeve[illegible] would have been impossible had I been a [illegible]; for though science has made wonderful [illegible]trides in recent years it has not yet succeed[illegible] in producing a blue rose."

G[illegible]ed Its Race

A little [illegible] was taken to the zoo, where for the first [illegible] his life he saw a parrot. He gazed at [illegible] bound for a few moments and then said [illegible]s father, "Oh, daddy, look at that Jew [illegible]"

Corinna Tries Again

Continued From Preceding Page

him a chance to explain," she almost screamed; "even a criminal is given that."

Her father had never seen Corinna as violent as this. He felt utterly exhausted when finally the scene was over.

He made one admission during a particularly hysterical speech of Corinna's on the subject of his unjust hatred of every man she selected. He had said. "Peter Marley is, at least, honorable."

"Ah, you never said that when you thought I cared about him!"

"Nonsense, nonsense. I never denied it. I should not have kept him so long as my private secretary if—"

"Do you mean that he isn't your private secretary still?"

A Direct Question

CONFRONTED with a direct question, Mr. Daner saw it was necessary to confess, but he confessed rather blusteringly: "Why, no, my dear. I felt the situation had become too awkward for both of us. I decided . . ."

"But, father, you promised me. You gave me your word of honor. Oh, to feel that I have deserted him and ruined him at the same time." She wept; she flung her arms about; as she sprang to her feet, only to throw herself on the sofa. Her father was alarmed. He knew he had been wrong to break his word about Marley, and he now saw a way of setting himself right and gaining an even more important objective.

"Corinna," he said almost sternly, "stop crying and listen to me. I believe you are right. There is no reason why we should ruin Marley between us. I will consent to take him back in my employ, if you will give up all idea of a final interview with that cardsharper."

Corinna burbled something into the pillows that seemed to be a refusal.

"I can't hear what you are saying," said poor Mr. Daner.

Corinna lifted her face from the brocade. "I'm saying it is probably too late; Peter may have shot himself, by this time."

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Daner, "but, if you want, I'll cable." He sat down at the desk. "See, Corinna, I am writing the cable: 'Regret decision about Marley. Ask him to continue in his former position.'"

A sob from the sofa formed the words, "At an increased salary."

"At an increase of fifty a month."

"A hundred a month," sobbed Corinna, and Mr. Daner wrote it as she said. He calculated that twelve hundred a year was a substantial sum to pay above the current price for secretaries, but it was a trifle compared to the relief of getting rid of Axley without a final scene.

Sitting down on the sofa, he stroked his unhappy child's dark hair, and she became gradually calmer.

Women, sweet creatures that they are, require management . . . a man has to understand them. Well, he reflected, fortunately, he did understand them.

No Luck at All

TWO men had invited two girls to play a foursome at golf. Smith was good-looking, but no player. Brown was an ugly little fellow who beat the ball a good furlong every time. On the tee there was some discussion concerning partnerships, and finally it was agreed to toss up. "Oh, in that case," said one of the girls artlessly, "I might as well take Mr. Brown right away. I never have any luck at tossing."

Prince of Wales a Real Democrat

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

THROUGHOUT a life of pleasing but pitiless publicity, the goldfish bowl existence of one of the world's darlings of fortune, there has never been a period for the Prince of Wales so fraught with moment as the present. Not long ago the world hung with bated breath upon the daily, hourly bulletins from the bedside of the King of England. The headlong race against time of the Prince of Wales, bound for Africa on a big-game hunt, who turned about face to hurry to the bedside of his father, then in extremis, attracted the deeply sympathetic interest of people in all lands. Now that King George is passing through a long convalescence, onerous duties and heavy responsibilities have fallen to the lot of the heir apparent. As member of the Council of State, to which he was recently appointed by his father, the Prince of Wales is performing many of those acts which constituted the King's daily tasks.

The lines of seriousness which mark his boyish face today, the grasp he is displaying of the problems now confronting him, the ingenuity, tact, and graciousness which mark his handling of new and solemn responsibilities—all give fair promise of his fitness for the British throne.

The Prince of Wales is potentially the most important figure to the world. Yet it would be a crass blunder to infer that his hold upon the attention and affection of the world is primarily attributable to his present great position or the vastly greater one to which he is predestined. The Prince of Wales is a remarkable personality, not by reason of any externally conspicuous or dramatically spectacular qualities. His extraordinariness consists in his successful ordinariness; his unusualness is attributable to the unobtrusive skill with which he accomplishes the usual. His life, from the official standpoint, is a glorified, magnified schedule of obligatory appointments, mapped out for months in advance. He is the prisoner of a programme, the servant of a schedule. He is the supersalesman of the Empire.

No Thought of Shirking Destiny

IT is a task which he finds irksome and monotonous, after endless repetition. Speaking at banquets, opening bazaars, dedicating hospitals, gracing important public ceremonies with his presence soon lose their savor after the first novelty of interest and thrill of public adulation are worn away. Indeed, it is often rumored thtat the Prince of Wales has no desire to become a constitutional ruler, with the vision before him of an endless succession of ceremonies and conventional duties to perform. This idle rumor has a superficial measure of truth attached to it. The Prince of Wales loves action; his real recreation is some form of escape from official duties. But nothing could be further from the truth than the injurious surmise that the Prince of Wales has ever entertained the thought of shirking his high destiny. His whole life has been a glorified apprenticeship for kingship.

No postulant for a throne is so well trained as the Prince of Wales. It is true that, like the average healthy young Briton, he has an unconquerable love for adventure, a passion for romance and the lure of the unknown. If the obligations of his high office automatically close to him many avenues of escape open to the average young man, the splendors of the position for which he is destined, the magnitude of the role, the vastness and extent of potential influence which may be exerted exercise a spell which fills his life with an indescribable glamor.

One of the tragedies of our era was the strange dispensation of fate which denied the late King Edward VII all but the briefest of reigns. For he possessed a personality of rare quality and singular charm, as well as the dignity of a great gentleman and the imposing majesty of a sovereign. During his short reign he won powerful friends for Great Britain through his subtle and astute diplomacy. The Prince of Wales is a reincarnation of the spirit of his grandfather, whom he resembles in many striking particulars. He is the counterpart of his grandfather in the possession of social graces of the highest order, the love of sport, and the genius for inspiring ardent admiration and enthusiastic loyalty.

Yet here the resemblance ceases. The late King Edward was eclectic in his tastes, catholic in the choice of his friends. But he was really exclusive in his social relationships, and had a certain group of intimates in a restricted social set. The sense of royalty was a primary instinct of his nature; at Oxford as a youth he chose to be garbed in a way to set him apart from his fellows. Comparatively few penetrated the inner, close circle of friendship and intimacy. At the opposite pole stands the Prince of Wales. His astonishing popularity, and the marked affection which is universally bestowed upon him, is due in greatest measure to his genuine democracy. It is said that when someone once remarked to the Prince of Wales that Princess Mary's husband, Viscount Lascelles, seemed to fit perfectly into the royal environment, the Prince of Wales made the witty and revealing comment: "The difference between Lascelles and me is that, while Lascelles every day gets royaler and royaler, I get commoner and commoner."

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

Human Relationships

EVERYWHERE the Prince has gone he has displayed a natural liking for his fellow man, a gracious friendliness, a tactful ease in meeting people of every rank, grade, and condition of life.

He is not noted for distinction of any particular sort of preoccupation with any branch of human knowledge. He is not a wide reader, a deep student of books, a scientist, a philosopher. But there can be no question that he is an instinctive diplomat, with a remarkable talent for establishing human relationships with his fellow creatures. While he may not write the many speeches which he is called upon to deliver, he seldom speaks that he does not interject certain characteristic remarks, often mildly witty or whimsical, which bear the sign manual of his own nature and disposition. On his many royal journeys and official peregrinations he has deliberately stepped out of the picture countless times to do some act of kindness, confer some simple favor, which reveal the genuine democracy and essential humanity of his nature. It might be simply to hail a fellow-veteran of the World War he had known over there; to congratulate a Boer father and mother upon a new baby; to dance with some pretty girl of humble origin, and give her the thrilling, unforgettable remembrance of having danced with the Prince of Wales! Once, at a ball in Panama, he was informed with veiled reproach that the partner he had chosen was only an assistant in a drug store. His reply was characteristic and heart-warming: "An assistant in a drug store? Well, it must be a jolly good drug store!"

Diplomacy and Democracy

ALONG with his diplomacy and democracy goes in happy conjunction a delightful, boyish sense of humor. One may be sure that, were it not for his watchful mentors he would be up to all sorts of boyish pranks, calculated to shock the prudish and tickle the groundlings. Innumerable honors, decorations, honorary degrees, chairmanships, chancellorships and what not have been showered upon this buoyant young man who has won no distinctive renown for which such honors are ordinarily bestowed. But it is scarcely to be denied that he possesses a certain genius and, in that particular field, genius of a high order. His genius, it has been veraciously and happily said, consists in the exquisite ability to solve the problem of how to be human though royal.

The Prince of Wales was fortunate in the gift of parents richly endowed with common sense and sound insight. They wisely chose for his tutor as a boy and youth, not the fine old Baron Stockmar, stiff with pride in royalty and an aggravated sense of the divinity which doth hedge about a king, but a typical Englishman, Henry P. Hansell, popular with his fellow dons at Magdalen College, Oxford, both as student and sportsman. And what a delightful little boy he had as a pupil! King Edward loved to tell this story about his grandson. Finding David poring over a book, he asked: "What have you been learning today?" "About Perkin Warbeck, grandpa," the boy replied. "And who was he?" the King asked.

"Well," said David without a smile, "he said he was the son of a king. He wasn't. He was the son of respectable parents."

On another occasion he went to see his grandfather, who had been very ill. After David had inquired solicitously about the King's health, he looked inquisitively around and asked: "And now, grandpa, where's the baby?"

His Wise Democratic Training

AT Osborne college, the junior naval academy on the Isle of Wight; at Dartmouth Naval College, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, he went through precisely the same drill and curriculum as his fellows, and showed himself to be endowed with a good mentality but without any marked brilliance. Under the sensible directions of his democratically-minded parents, he was never permitted to have any special favors or particular exemptions. He wore the same sort of clothes, played the same games, attended the same classes as his fellows—except at Oxford he followed a course specially prescribed to meet his own needs. Later, when he entered the war, he acted in the most democratic manner possible. On one occasion he insisted upon sleeping on the floor rather than take the billet of one of the higher officers. Accompanied by an orderly, or even alone, he frequently visited various commands, fraternized with the soldiers, sat on the floor or ground with them, sang songs with them. And if he was not recognized, he never broke his incognito.

One day an American officer was reconnoitering in the war zone when he met a pleasant-faced boy in the uniform of a British subaltern. "Who are you?" he challenged. "The Prince of Wales," the lad replied. "Sure," replied the American colonel, with an accent of derisive skepticism. "And who are you?" asked the lad. "Oh! I'm the King of England," replied the officer.

Some nights later the two met in a Red Cross hut and the American officer was visibly embarrassed on learning that the lad was really the Prince of Wales. With a twinkle in his eye, the Prince of Wales waved him a friendly greeting and called out cheerfully, "Hello, dad!"

The Prince of Wales is an all around good fellow; plays the banjo, the guitar, the ukulele, and—shades of Paul Whiteman!—the saxophone; revels to Kipling, rattling good sea yarns and thrilling detective stories; rides enthusiastically to hounds and is reputed an excellent rider, though he has had many mishaps and tumbles on the hunting field; is a fervent sportsman—cricket, tennis, polo, pig sticking, big game shooting. He has quite a talent as a business man; conducts with efficient management his widely scattered property known as the Duchy of Cornwall, and is a hardy rancher when in the Canadian West. He is admired by our neighbors the Americans, who have endeared themselves to him by their enthusiastic welcomes, dubbing him a "regular fellow," and calling him "Prince." After his last trip to the big republic he remarked: "I have been princed so much that I feel like barking!"

Handsome, with a soft wistfulness peculiarly engaging; boyish and democratic, with a strong sense of human values; diplomatic with a high art which conceals art; an ambassador of good-will from Great Britain to all the world—of him we can all adequately say: "He's a prince."

Present Day Experiences in Ancient Rome—Told by a Canadian Roamer

By JOHN STONE

"I AM a Canadian," he said. "My home is in Canada; my heart is to Canada, but I cannot forget that I was born in Italy when I look at that," and he turned his eyes up, with very pardonable pride, to the vast monument of Victor Emmanuel II, before which we were standing, perhaps the most magnificent monument of modern times, magnificent to conception, magnificent in execution, still incomplete, although to process of building since 1885.

Whatever one may think of the wisdom of a comparatively poor country spending many millions of dollars upon a single monument, it is impossible not to feel a thrill of admiration for the thought behind the monument. It is a splendid gesture. Italy says to the world: "I have thrown off the shackles. I am free This thing of beauty and grace and dignity, into which I have poured my treasure, is the measure of my pride and gratitude because I am free."

"This," continued my companion, "was conceived and built by the Italians of today. Here in Rome are many other monuments, some entire, others fallen toto decay, but all the handiwork of Italians or their Roman ancestors, and the artists and thinkers of all nations come here to draw inspiration from these buildings. And yet in Canada we are called wops, or dagoes."

"Oh, but," I toterrupted, "not by educated Canadians."

"Not in words," he replied, "but I am not sure that a good many educated Canadians do not think of us as wops."

I denied it warmly, but wondered in my heart if there could be any real basis for his belief.

Fine Instincts

MY companion was not what would be called an educated man. He probably had not had anything more than an elementary education; but he was a man who could think, a man of fine instincts, and of a most kindly nature. He had been to Canada for many years, had a wife and family there, had built up a business of his own in one of the towns of Northern Ontario, was a good citizen in the best sense of the term, and a warm though discriminating friend to the less fortunate of his own race. He had braved what to him were the very real horrors of the sea to see his old mother once more before she died. His attitude toward the land of his adoption was unmistakeable.

"I was born in Italy," he said, "but this is not my country. I am a Canadian. I would not have come here but for the old mother. I will spend a few days with her; then I go back—home—by the first boat. I would take her back with me, but she could not stand the voyage, and she would not leave the old home."

He took the train for the heel of Italy, and a couple of days afterward was back in Rome with his mother. His brother lived in Rome; a clever young mechanic, and I had the privilege of meeting the family at dinner. The mother had a face that one did not easily forget, marked with lines of toil, for she and another son worked their own farm and vineyard, but full of character and humor and kindliness. She had no English, and talked but little, but one could see her pride in her sons. And there was something of the old Roman quality in that pride. Early to the war the younger son, then not much more than a boy, came home from Naples where he had been working to an automobile factory. He asked her what he should do. She replied: "My son, your country is at war; there is only one thing to do." Can it be that any Canadian thinks of these people as wops?

As the Romans Live

I FOUND comfortable and inexpensive quarters in a pension on the Piazza Barbareni, opposite the Barbareni palace, and within three or four blocks of the Quirinale, the royal palace. The pension was supposed to cater particularly to English-speaking people, but the prevailing language was German. The Germans seem to be wandering back to their old haunts in Italy, but with less noise and aggressiveness than in pre-war days. English-speaking travelers evidently prefer the hotels and pensions in the more modern quarters of Rome, where they can have the dishes and drinks to which they are accustomed. Hereabouts one lives at Rome as the Romans live, eats spaghetti, thick soups and other characteristically Italian dishes, and drinks chianti and frascati, the latter a local wine of excellent quality.

For the room, breakfast and dinner (I took luncheon at restaurants wherever I happened to be in Rome) I paid thirty-five lire a day, equivalent to about $1.95. Breakfast, however, was the very sketchy European breakfast, and I usually ordered a couple of eggs, three lire. A small bottle of frascati, three lire, was sufficient for two days. These extras added twenty-five cents to the day's bill. Add ten per cent for service and fifty cents for luncheon, and the day's subsistence amounted to about $2.80.

Tipping Forbidden

IN Italy tipping is strictly forbidden. All hotels and restaurants are required by law to add ten per cent to the bills of guests for "service." I was assured that this was applied, in a certain recognised proportion to increase the wages of all the employees. In any event, it relieves the traveler of the totolerable nuisance of tipping a number of hotel servants, in a strange city, where he is usually ignorant of the prevailing rates, and where the situation is further complicated by a depreciated currency. This commonsense measure, which is both a boon to guests and helps to increase the self-respect of employees, should be put to the credit of Mussolini, to offset certain of his acts which are not so praiseworthy.

Rome is so compact that it is comparatively easy to get about at very little expense. Much of it can be done on foot, and for my part I find it much more toteresting to walk whenever possible. You see many things that are lost if you use a taxi or a team, curious and sometimes comical little traits of human nature, the characteristics of street life that sometimes differentiate one town from another.

In Rome, too, if you walk you can take short cuts through the narrow streets that wander, apparently quite aimlessly, through the mediaeval parts of the city, and where you will find men and women engaged in their various trades, in little booths or cellars open to the street, very much as their forefathers did five hundred years ago. Every so often one of these narrow streets will open out into a little square. There will certainly be an ancient church on one side, perhaps two; in one case I found four facing on the same square. In these squares, down in the very heart of ancient Rome, wares of various sorts are displayed in barrows: fruit and vegetables and flowers, old clothes, neckties, crudely decorated pottery. I found one barrow filled with books and pamphlets, not second-hand stuff, but the latest issues of the Italian publishers, and another barrow filled with collars, nothing but new starched collars.

Sometimes these streets turn suddenly into steep stairs, leading up or down to other levels of the town. At the foot of these stairs one usually finds a small flower market, flowers of various kinds, but mostly roses, masses of glowing roses

And sometimes, looking up to the stairs, or down the vista of a narrow street, one sees a picture of life in Rome that makes one long for the pencil of an artist, or even for a camera. One comes back to me of a couple of washerwomen sauntering up a steep street, each with an immense bundle of clothes balanced on her head. They wore red blouses and black skirts; they walked with perfect freedom and grace; and they talked and laughed and looked about them as they went as unconcernedly as if the great burdens above them had no real existence.

Tram Cars an Anomaly

IF one plans to go farther afield, over the Tiber to the Vatican, or somewhere outside the walls, it is of course advisable, for the sake of saving time, to take a taxi or a tram. You can travel by taxi from one end of Rome to the other for the price of a box of cigarettes in Canada, and the tram will take you the same distance for half a lire, two and a half cents. I know of no more pleasant or more toteresting place to take one's luncheon than in one of the open-air restaurants on the square facing St. Peter's and the Vatican. There you may sit, befotre you the nobly-proportioned piazza with its gigantic colonades on either side, and the world's greatest cathedral in the background, and watch the human tide flowing to and out of St. Peter's and the Vatican, men and women of all races and all colors, priests and higher ecclesiastics, students from the various national colleges of Rome, in their vari-colored robes and sashes, police, carabinieri and officers and men of the various divisions of the army, all moving, like an immense human kaleidoscope, across the surface of the square, and at the entrance to the Vatican, a group of papal guards in their mediaeval uniforms of red, yellow and blue, said to have been designed by Michaelangelo.

It seems something of an anomaly that electric trams should be allowed to tovade this spot; indeed, they appear incongruous anywhere in the older parts of Rome. Imagine getting off a street car to enter the Colosseum or the Forum! As a matter of fact, I am told they are to be banished from Rome—but merely to be replaced by buses.

I have avoided to these articles any attempt to describe the artistic treasures of the great public and private galleries. No two people are likely to agree as to which are the most precious or most beautiful, and in any event all this information is to be found in the guide books. As a matter of fact, no human memory could carry away anything more than confused impressions of the seemingly interminable galleries of the Vatican. Of the library all that I can remember is a letter from the Emperor of China to the Pope to the days of Marco Polo, an original manuscript of Dante and another of Petrarch, a letter of Martin Luther's which seemed a little out of place in the Vatican, and a volume of Henry VIII's love letters to Ann Boleyn, which seemed still more incongruous, but perhaps not more so then the electric elevator that takes you up to the roof of St. Peter's.

Vastness of Roof

SOME impression of the vastness of that roof is gained from the fact that a number of workmen and custodians live bere in little dome-shaped dwellings.

From the roof one climbs up a stairway, set at a slightly disconcerting angle, to the lower and upper galleries within the dome, and thence up to the lantern, from which one gets a magnificent view of Rome and the surrounding country Above the lantern is an immense copper ball, reached by an iron ladder, and capable of holding a dozen or more people. Baedeker is quite right in saying that the ascent is not worth the trouble, but today it is somewhat amusing to read his added comment that the ascent "is quite unsuitable for ladies."

What can one say of the interior of St. Peter's that will not appear otterly inadequate and inane. One returns to it again and again with a feeling of wonder that mere human beings could have achieved anything so god-like. But, lest one might conceive too high an opinion of human nature, there is a gloriously beautiful tomb of Paul III to the tribune of the church, with bronze draperies by Michaelangelo. These masterpieces of carving human vandals have hacked with knives, to satisfy themselves that the material really was metal! Does it not seem tocredible that members of the same human race could conceive and built St. Peter's, and in such monkey-like fashion disfigure it?

I am convinced that, wherever practicable, the ideal way to see an old-world city is on foot. I found endless amusement in sauntering about the narrow streets, glancing toto shop windows and courtyards, and studying the manners and customs of the people.

Alive With Cats

WALKING back from the forum one day, I passed the sunken enclosure in which stands Trajan's Column. As I stood leaning over the wall, someone came along and threw some scraps of meat down among the broken columns. Instantly cats appeared to every direction, out of the long grass, and the ground below me was soon alive with them. There were cats of every variety and color, large cats and small cats, cats with long tails and short tails and no tails at all, cats that looked sleek and well-fed and others that appeared to be half-starved. I asked my neighbor what it meant.

"Oh," he said, "anyone that wants to get rid of a cat, brings it here and drops it into the enclosure, and when someone else wants a cat, they come here and pick the one they want.

"But," he added dryly, "though it's easy enough to get a cat here, it's not so easy to capture a particular cat. They have learned that this is their own special home, and some of them prefer to stay, particularly as they are fed regularly."

As I was leaving the square I ran toto an ice cream vendor surrounded by a crowd of children. Instead of the familiar cones of America, he sold his cream in tiny cups of the same material, the shape and size of a thimble. I had sometimes wondered what became of the five, ten and twenty-five centesimo coins, of which one sometimes got an embarassing handful when trying to pay a tram fare or buy a box of matches with a five lire piece. As the lire is at present worth only about five and a half cents, and there are 100 centesimo in a lire, the purchasing range of five, ten or even twenty-five centesimo is strictly limited, but one of the things within that range is ice cream as sold in the streets of Rome.

City of Churches

WHEREVER you wander in the Eternal City you are, appropriately enough, never out of sight of a church. No one seems to know how many there are, but I was told that there are over fifty dedicated to the Virgin alone. They are of every size, from St. Peter's to some tiny chapel hidden away in a corner of some obscure square. Many of them are ancient Roman temples transformed into churches, easily recognised by their characteristic form and equally characteristic Roman brick. Only a comparatively small number are of special interest because of their size or architectural distinction or because of some treasure they contain, such as Michaelangelo's magnificent statue of Moses in San Pietro in Vincoli, or an exceptional possession like the catacombs under Sant' Angnese fuori le Mura.

Odd the things that stick in one's memory. I roamed about the ancient castle of St. Angelo on a very rainy day, and had the place pretty much to myself. It contains many treasures of the days when the Popes retreated into this stronghold and were sometimes besieged there, but the only picture that remains in my mind is one that almost has the quality of a practical joke. In a corner of one of the rooms there appeared to be an open door, or rather half-open, with an old man just entering, one hand holding the door. It was an extraordinarily realistic bit of patoting, framed in a real doorway, and one had a shock of surprise as one suddenly realised that the whole thing was merely a picture.

Another thing that for some reason remains in my memory is a mere fragment of ancient sculpture to one of the galleries. It is a bas-relief of a woman's head, rather worn and bettered, but curiously impressive. The woman is sleeping, and the modeling of her lips is so amazingly fine that they seem to move gently as she breathes. I happened upon a plaster model of this head in an art shop, and it was absolutely lifeless. The genius was gone out of it.

Extraordinary Mixture

THE more one talks about it the more one realizes the utter impossibility of giving any adequate idea of that extraordinary mixture of ancient medieval and modern times that is Rome. You might spend several months sight-seeing there and still not get below the surface of things. There are so many lines of totense interest. Why, one might spend delightful hours just wandering about the place hunting for fountains, for Rome is a city of fountains, and no two of them are alike

I went asleep every night and awoke every morning to the music of an ancient fountain under my window, one of the streets leading out of the Piazza Bargareni is known as the Quattro Fontaine because of the four fountains that play at the corners of the intersection of that street and the Via di Quirinale; practically every square boasts some kind of a fountain, large or small, ancient or comparatively modern, from the great twin fountains in front of St. Peter's to the modest little stone cherub in an obscure alley that has supplied generations of Romans with pure water. Often enough they had little else.

No, it is not possible to describe Rome. All that one can attempt to do, however inadequately, is to give some little idea of its atmosphere, of that spirit that is Rome, the Rome of today with more than a little of the Rome of yesterday and hints of the Rome that is to be.

Teacher—What is a cannibal, Tommy?

Tommy—Please, teacher, I don't know.

Teacher—Well, if you ate your father and mother, what would you be?

Tommy—An orphan, miss!

A Page For CHILDREN

The Mystery of a Broken Vase

MANY children have broken ornaments considered precious by their mothers, but such a thing is very seldom indeed done on purpose. It would be a very naughty child who wilfully destroyed a beautiful cup or other object of art.

Yet, nearly a hundred years ago a grown man went into the British Museum and threw a stone at what was, perhaps, the most precious object there and shattered it to fragments. It was never found out why he committed the outrage.

What he broke was a blue glass vase about twelve inches high, on which were several wonderfully lovely white figures. It is possible the man did not think the vase would break, for it was believed to be made of precious stone.

The attendants, to whose care the vase had been committed, gathered up all the fragments and drawings were made of each.

Wedgwood's Copy

THAT might have been the end of the vase, but the famous potter, Josiah Wedgwood, had, some time before, made a copy of the vase. This was now borrowed, and with wonderful care and skill, Mr. John Doubleday, by the help of the copy, mended the vase. The cracks showed. It was a broken thing, but even so, no such object of beauty existed in the whole world. Wedgwood's copy was fine, but far from being in the eyes of judges as lovely as the vase itself, which bears the name of "The Portland Vase."

Little of Its Story

LONG, long ago in Greece, King Peleus is said to have married Thetis, a daughter of one of their gods. Achilles was their son. The figures on the vase are believed by scholars to tell the story of the wooing of Thetis by her royal lover.

It was believed when the vase was found buried in Rome that it held the ashes of Alexander Severus, an emperor who lived in the third century of the Christian era, and that the chief figures were those of Severus and his mother, Mammea, a very wise and beautiful woman. It was the seventeenth century before the buried vase was dug up by order of Pope Urban VII. More than a hundred years passed away till about the time of the American Revolution. Sir William Hamilton bought the vase from the Italian family who inherited it from Pope Urban.

Duchess Buys the Vase

WITH many rare and beautiful things, a Duchess of Portland bought the ancient ornament. One of her descendants in the early years of last century, committed the treasure to the keeping of the British Museum. There anyone in London who chose could see it. Since 1810 it has remained there, and Dukes of Portland have been content with the ownership of the vase while they shared the pleasure it gave with others.

Part of the Cost of the War

THIS year the present Duke of Portland felt that he needed the thousands of pounds at which the vase was valued. Like many others who had great possessions in Great Britain, war taxes had made him poor. One of the prices the people of the Old Land have had to pay for the Great War is the loss of their treasures of art.

Pictures, books and other beautiful things that have been in families for many generations have been sold. Even great estates and splendid mansions have become the property of rich people. Many of the objects of art have crossed the ocean (as did Alice's copy of "Alice in Wonderland") and adorn homes and galleries in the United States. This time, however, the vase was not sold, and perhaps after all it will still remain "The Portland Vase."

Many books have been written about this vase, and scholars have puzzled over it. Centuries have gone, but no one has discovered who drew the lovely designs or who was the artificer who moulded the vase. The work of the artist, whose hand has been still for centuries, still lives while the labors of warriors and statesmen are forgotten.

Mother's Day

WE are asked to remember our mothers especially on May 12. Why should a day be set aside on which to honor our mothers? Surely there ought to be nothing each of us would not do on every day of the year to serve and cherish her who is dearest to us on earth.

And yet is there anyone, young or old, who has not failed to render a mother the devotion which is her due? There are some things hard to speak of. The love of a mother is one.

If, today, boys and girls try to be gentle, and loving and kind, to show their mothers the affection that they feel, they will keep the day right.

Most of us take a mother's service too much for granted. We forget that hands may be tired, the brain weary and the heart sick. If there is no work in the world so important as that of a mother, there is none as hard. On the other hand, there is no one so happy as she is when her home is full of love. So, little folk, kiss and caress mother today; boys and girls, do not be ashamed to show the love you feel; men and women, be very tender to the mothers whose youth and strength have been so freely given for you.

It is good to take part in a service one day in the year in honor and praise of mothers. It is better at all times to help and obey them, if we are children, and to remember them with love and gratitude when we are no longer under their control.

A Sprig of Rowan

'TIS but a sprig of Rowan,
But it tells of a far-off land,
Of a beach with wild grey rocks,
Mingled with golden sand.

Of a wide, wide stretch of moorland,
And behind a heathered hill,
Of a little clump of Rowans
Beside a tinkling rill.

Of gently breaking wavelets
Of a sparkling Summer sea,
And still the cry of sea birds
Is wafted back to me.

It tells of a beautiful island
Bedecked with Summer flowers,
With pathways green with bracken,
Dewy with Summer showers.

Of a curlew flying homeward
O'er the moor where the hill sheep roam,
While down the rugged pathways
The kine come slowly home.

It tells of a Summer sunset
When all the heavens are gold,
When the mountains are blue and purple,
And the sea has glory untold.

When the islands are black like velvet,
Till suddenly the sun
Sinks behind the purple mountains,
And a Summer's day is done.

O little sprig of Rowan
Thou bringest back to me
The memory of golden days
In that land beyond the sea!

—Selected.

Sharpen tools to prevent dull days.

Sweet of the Year

IN the grey garden closes
The birds sing ring o' roses,
Of budding leaves and posies,
At noon they make good cheer.
And though the eve be chilly,
What news of rose and lily?
For Trumpeter Daffodilly
Blows in the sweet o' the year.

In pastures stiff and frozen
As Iceland or as Sweden
New lambs creep by the dozen
To the warm mother's side.
With wayward smiles and glances
The cold young Spring advances,
And soon her light foot dances
On daisies, golden-eyed.

Pack, snow, your day is over,
Make way for dew and clover;
Now every bird's a lover
And every lad a king,
And all the girls are graces
So fine in silk and laces,
And Love in hidden places,
And eggs under a wing.

There's snow on plum and cherry
And lovers making merry,
Come's leafy sanctuary
For many a nestling dear.
While in grey garden closes
Wild loves sing ring o' roses
And daffodil uncloses,
Comes in the sweet o' the year.

—Katharine Tynan.

The Society That Helps Animals

YOUR editor is very sorry that a notice about Animal Week was received too late to be published on your page two weeks ago. It is hoped that it is not yet too late to ask the children to help this society in every way they can.

Some of your fathers were young children, when an English gentleman came to Victoria. He soon saw that some grown people were cruel to their horses and dogs, and that many boys thought it was fun to rob birds' nests and to throw stones at the birds. Mr. Kitto, for that was the gentleman's name, spoke to some of his friends, and they formed the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The children who were thoughtless rather than cruel were taught to be good to their pets and not to hurt little wild creatures. People who neglected or overworked horses were advised, and if they persisted laws were made to punish them.

In those days there were no motor cars or trucks or tractors. Almost every house was the home of a dog, and, as now, more cats were kept than were needed. The S.P.C.A. found plenty to do both in town and country.

The children listened to the kind gentlemen and the ladies who sometimes came to the schools with them. They formed themselves into Bands of Mercy. They began to hate cruelty and to think it cowardly as well as wicked to ill-use dumb animals.

There are, however, some grown-up people who would cause suffering to the animals they own if they were not watched. Boys, too, have been known to chase goats, and owners of houses do not think it a shame to leave their cats to starve when they go to the seaside or the country to enjoy themselves. Worse still, they take them to camp and leave them there to run wild and live upon birds till Winter comes, when they suffer.

To prevent such acts an officer must be kept and paid a salary. Then there are notices to be printed and other expenses. For all this money is needed. If everyone who loves animals would give a little, cruel people would be warned, and if necessary arrested and punished. But the S.P.C.A. would rather have people kind than afraid. One way of helping is to join the society. The honorary secretary is Miss Erminie Bass. Her address is 40 Arcade Building, and she will be pleased to answer any inquiry by those interested, whether children or grown-ups.

The Story of the Pied Piper

By M. GENEVIEVE SILVESTER

MAKE-A-BOOK—Save the twelve pictures that tell this story to make a book. Cut them out and paste them on white paper. You will then have a complete story. Cut a cover from stiff paper, and sew the pages of the book into it with a big, strong stitch.

12

The noise was like a grumbling.
The grumbling grew to rumbling.
Out of the houses came tumbling
Great rats, small rats, baby rats,
Brown rats, grey rats, black rats.
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins.
Families by the tens and dozens.
Lean rats, fat rats,
Old rats, young rats.
"Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Followed the Piper for their lives."

13

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From street to street the rats followed the tunes of the Pied Piper until they came to the river, and into the river they all went and were never seen again. All but one old rat who could not keep up with the others. And he told how the music made him think of good things to eat like cheese and candy and cake.

15

The League Countries

AS our familiar reference books do not give our readers the names of the fifty-five League countries, we give them below in alphabetical order:

Abyssinia, Albania, Argentine, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Britain, Bulgaria, Canada, Chile, China, Colombia, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Estonia, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Hungary, India, Irish Free State, Italy, Japan, Jugoslavia, Latvia, Liberia, Lithuania, Luxemburg, Netherlands, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Norway, Panama, Paraguay, Persia, Peru, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Salvador, San Dominigo, Siam, South Africa, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Uruguay and Venezuela.

The original number of states in the League was forty-two. Five others (Albania, Austria, Bulgaria, Finland, Luxemburg) were elected by the First Assembly in 1920; three others (Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania) by the Second Assembly in 1921; Hungary in 1922; Irish Free State and Abyssinia in 1923; San Dominigo in 1924, and Germany in 1926—Children's Newspaper.

How many boys or girls can send in the names of the countries in the world that do not belong to the League of Nations?

Dr. Lionel Sells a Great Hero

MANY of you know that the X-ray helps doctors to discover the cause of sickness. Many useful lives have been saved by means of this marvelous light, and great suffering prevented. The discovery has cost the lives of many brave doctors, for the X-ray, so safe now, was at first very dangerous to those who worked with it. Among the men who brought this blessing to the sick and suffering was Dr. Sells, of whom The Children's Newspaper tells us:

Yet another martyr's name, that of Dr. Lionel Sells, has to be added to the lengthening list of those who, seeing in the X-ray a means of helping suffering humanity, have fallen victims to unsuspected dangers.

Dr. Sells knew years ago what his work with the X-ray had cost him, and what more he might have to pay for experimental investigation which began thirty years ago and was carried on through the South African War.

Three years ago, when Dr. Hall Edwards fell a victim, he wrote to say that he had nearly lost his left hand, and his right hand was going, and he was never free from pain.

Now his life has gone. We can only find consolation in the fact that the sufferings which he and others like him endured have saved countless other men from the same fate.

Good Morrow

YOU that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That rises in the East,
Now clear your voice, now cheer your heart,
Come help me now to sing;
Each willing wight come bear a part
To praise the heavenly King.

The little birds which sing so sweet
Are like the angel's voice,
They render God his praises meet
And teach us to rejoice.

—George Gascoigne.

Uncle Ray's Own Corner

Citizens of the Ocean

Sea Cows

IN some of the warmer waters of the earth live big, clumsy-looking animals known as "sea cows." They are members of the seal family. Like seals, they have flippers at the front but nothing to take the place of hind legs.

The Manatees Are Clumsy-Looking

Sea cows which live in or near the rivers around the Gulf of Mexico, are given the special name of manatees. They are from eight to thirteen feet long.

The hides of manatees look black when the animals are in the water, but when they are brought upon the land the color changes to grey. It seems that they never come upon land of their own wish, but they make their way to the shallow waters of rivers. The females carry their young in their flippers.

The bones of manatees are solid and heavy—the ribs being very thick. Sometimes one of the animals will tip the scales for more than half a ton.

Manatees eat seaweeds and waterlilies. They swallow a good deal of sand in the course of their eating. I should think that would be hard on their digestions; but they seem to get along all right.

A century ago there were sea cows of a much larger kind which lived in Bering Strait. They sometimes grew to a length of twenty-five or thirty feet. That race was killed off by sailors and fishermen. The last known member was seen in 1854.

Captive manatees are fed upon lettuce, cabbage, spinach and celery tops. They seem to like that bill of fare just as well as seaweed and waterlilies.

Turtles of the Ocean

THERE are thousands of persons who make use of turtle shell. Does that seem a surprising thing to say? Can you guess what I mean?

I am thinking of the shell of the hawksbill turtle or tortoise. This shell, of an amber or brownish color, is formed into the rims of glasses. Tortoise shell glasses do not seem so popular now as a few years ago, but there are still plenty of them being worn.

The turtle—or tortoise—known as the hawksbill is an animal of the ocean. It lives largely on fish. The hooked beak—which gives it the name—is helpful in seizing victims. Its front limbs are long and strong, and it is a good swimmer.

A Hawksbill Turtle

Hawksbills spend their lives round about the warmer parts of the Atlantic, and in the Indian Ocean. During the breeding season they go to the coast—usually the shore of an island—to lay their eggs. Cases have been known where they have returned to the same island year after year.

The shells of hawksbills are often more than two feet long, but they are not nearly so large as those of green turtles.

The green turtle is also a sea swimmer. It is the largest of all ocean turtles, and sometimes reaches a weight of 1,000 pounds! The flesh is highly valued for the making of turtle soup.

Green turtles are captured in nets, and they are also speared by men in boats. A still more interesting way of taking them is practised during the breeding season. At that time, when the turtles are ashore, men steal upon them in the moonlight and turn them over. It seems impossible for the creatures to get back on their feet once they are turned on their backs.

Antics of Peanut and Popcorn

Related by Peanut

"BRIGHT days, children." Well, we have had a crowded week of excitement. We have got our new car, and we are having quite a time learning to drive it. But first of all I must tell you about the day it arrived. The boss told us at noon that the people making our car would make delivery that day, so Pop and I were all excitement when a gentleman came into the garden with the car under his arm, and a lot of tools. The boss said, "Children, meet Mr. Bardsley, of the Red Cross Workshop," but we were excited and were turning somersaults we could hardly stop. The boss caught me, and put me in the wheel and gave it a turn and I went running round as hard as I could go, but I didn't seem to move. It was very exciting, and more fun than turning somersaults in our living-room. While I was having the first ride, Pop crept out through the cage door, and was off like a shot, up over the biss biss house, and along Mrs. McCallum's fence right to Mrs. Andrews' house. The boss said, "He will come back later," and then Mr. Bardsley's wife, and Mrs. Matheson, a lady who once had a Mexican squirrel for a pet, and Charley, Bobbie and Edward Bardsley, three little boys, came into the garden, and were introduced to us. The boys brought us a lovely little bag of peanuts and some rosy red apples. The boss got a hammer and helped Mr. Bardsley fix the wheel up in our living-room. It hangs from our roof and we have a little door to go in by, and the wheel (I mean car) has tin sides and the running part is mosquito netting. Our boss lady came out, and said, "How do you do?" to the two ladies, and "Isn't it a cold Spring?" and "Are these your three boys?" and "I am so busy getting caught up with my work after a week at the Musical Festival," and "Do you know Mrs. So-and-So? She lives on Tillicum," etc.

We have decided to call our car the Bardsley Special, because it is the first one made like it in Canada, and the boss said he was going to take some pictures to be framed at the Red Cross Workshop, because they do good work cheaply. We are sending Mr. Bardsley a framed testimonial with our photo on.

Stays Out All Night

IT was red sky time and the boss started to hunt for Pop, and he went and looked everywhere. He hunted all over Mrs. McCallum's garden and trelliswork, and then he went and searched through Mrs. Andrews' garden, but could not find him. He came home and got a torch, and was looking around Mrs. Andrews' garden. Her mister came out and said, "Sure thing, search the premises," and they laughed. The boss then looked into an old chicken coop that once belonged to Sid McAllister, and there was Pop hiding in the roof. The boss bumped his head, and talked very fast, and got cobwebs on his face, but Pop kept moving back a little farther, and so the boss said, "Stay there, Sonny, but watch out for Stubbie the cat." Next morning Pop turned up early, and as the boss had left the basement door a little open, he went in, and tipped over bottles, paper boxes, and pulled most of the clothes out of the washtub. The boss came down and Pop ran to him and climbed to his shoulder and whispered in his ear, so the boss did not get mad. He put him in the cage, and he just went wild. He bit me, and chased me, and scolded terrible. The boss caught him, and locked him in the basement of our cage all day. He told Pop that for two pins he would see the whole police commission, and report him.

Getting Into Society

DO you know, children, I have been thinking that we had better get a little runabout car, cheaper than our Bardsley Special, just to take around to the schools, and do any little shopping occasionally. We shall only want just a one-squirrel power car, so it should not cost much. (I am just saying this so the boss might read it, and buy us a car.)

The boss came down one morning and said, "What do you think, children? I saw P. C. Pook at the Musical Festival, and one night the professor put three names on pieces of paper, and P. C. Pook put them in his hat, and took out one with a name on it and gave it to the professor. The boss thinks our district Bobby is kind to music. (Sis means he is a music lover—signed, Pop.)

Pop started to hide nuts in our car, and when I went for a ride yesterday the nuts kept tumbling down behind me, hitting my heels, and giving me a terrible fright. I went so fast I just held on all four legs and the car took me over and over.

We are not talking much to Galli these days. The boss cleaned out their house yesterday and went and put some of our moss in for them to sleep on. I just mentioned it to Pop, and he said, "If Galli hadn't just lost George, her husband, I would make a big noise about it." I heard Galli telling Cora that her present family of twenty-five chicks brings her total family up to eighty-one, which she has raised in three seasons.

Dorothy Turner has brought us lots of things to eat lately. Walnuts, apples, and crusts for the chicks.

Squirrelville Locals

FREDA and William Natrass made an afternoon call yesterday. Call again, children. Mrs. Bass, from Guelph, and Miss Day, made a short evening call, and Hilda, John and Nancy Kyle also visited, also Mrs. and Mary Matheson.

On Saturday, the boss brought a carfull of actresses (at least that is what he told Pop they were). They met him at the Flower Show, and all belong to Miss Clough's dancing class. The boss said they dance with crinoline dresses on. The boss said they were all born in Victoria, and yet did not know Oak Bay Avenue, or Foul Bay Road. I jotted down their names as they were introduced to me. From left to right—Misses Christine Schmelz, Barbara Leigh, Vera Holness, Jean Osgood, Irene Holness, Agnes Finn, Doris Morrison, Barbara Allan, Muriel Nott, Hilda Jacques, Margery Nott, and Lillian Laird. Lillian called the boss "Uncle," and I asked the boss why his hair was not the same color as Lily's, and he laughed and said, "Sis, when you sit upright, and curve your tail over your head, you look exactly like a question mark."

The New Playground

AT last the little children of the Spring Ridge district will have a fine playground. The ugly old sand pit will soon be one of the beauty spots of our city.

Those who loved Mr. Stevenson, the pastor of Emmanuel Baptist Church, felt that no monument would please him so much as a place where little children could play and frolic to their heart's content.

A kind lady who worked hard to begin the work of making a playground near the old school has gone, too, from our world, but Mrs. Graves would have been pleased to see what has been already done.

All the rubbish has been taken away and now the floor of the pit is covered with grass, wild lupin and other plants. The dandelion is looking up to the sky here and there and the breezes will soon scatter its seeds abroad.

Steps lead down from the streets and from the school yard. In one corner there is a heap of sand. Perhaps it will be near it that a wading pool will be made. But one should not talk about half-finished work, they say.

On the high banks there are laurel hedges and trees, small yet, of many kinds. Gorse or whin has taken root close to the stones at the bottom of the banks, and above are strong climbing roses that seem to flourish in the sand. There is already plenty of room for ball games on the level ground.

The city has helped in this work, and no good citizen will grudge any money that has helped to make the neighborhood a beauty spot. If only there were a new school in place of the old building, the fathers and mothers of Spring Ridge would be happy. They call the district Fernwood now, but the old name was pretty, too. It does not seem so very long since Victorians were ashamed when strangers saw the dreary pits and piles of sand at the edge of which the Emmanuel Baptist Church was built nearly half a century ago. Soon the High School with its beautiful grounds and the Memorial Playground will be well worth taking a ride on the street car to see.

Suburb and Country

Agriculture is a first principle: on it rests the life and happiness of mankind.—Julian A. Dimock

Some Springtime Flowers

WITH thoughts of the Spring Flower Show in mind and all the wealth of blossom and color that is there displayed, it is rather interesting to look at the history of some of our most familiar Springtime flowers. Bulbs, of course, occupy the foremost place and practically all of these—narcissi, tulips, hyacinths, scillas, etc., come from the sunny lands that border the Mediterranean, where their lovely blossoms were prized by mankind for centuries before their introduction into the gardens of Northern Europe.

Narcissi in particular are mentioned over and over again in ancient writings, and although their beauty was said to be such as to delight both heaven and earth," they were at the same time always regarded as flowers of ill-omen and symbolic of mourning and death. Indeed, their very name comes from the Greek word "narke," meaning stupor, the old idea being that the gods used the narcissus on account of its narcotic properties to produce dullness, madness or even death in the victims of their hatred. Legend, too, bears out this sinister significance, for according to Greek mythology, Narcissus was a beautiful youth who, spurning the love of the nymph, Echo, fell in love with the reflection of his own image and was changed by the vengeful gods into the flower that now bears his name, the special flower of the legend being generally supposed to be the beautiful poet's, or pheasant's-eye narcissus. Today, however, this melancholy association has long since disappeared and it is now difficult to imagine anything more suggestive of Springtime happiness than the gold and white of a narcissus-filled border.

Rather confusingly, the name narcissus has also been given to the botanical genus which includes both daffodils and jonquils, as well as the popularly-known "narcissi." True daffodils, however, are distinguished by their very long "crowns," and their name, as seems only right with such traditional English favorites, comes from an old Anglo-Saxon word, "affodyll," meaning, "that which comes early," a very apt description of these joyous flowers that "come before the swallow dares" and usher in all those delights that belong to "the sweet of the year."

Like the narcissus, the hyacinth also immortalises a fair youth who met with untimely death. For according to the Greek legend, Hyacinthus was a beautiful Spartan boy, beloved of both Zephyrus and Appolo, and when he preferred the sun god the disappointed Zephyrus in spite blew on a quoit hurled by Appolo so that it swerved out of its course and killed their favorite. Appolo, heartbroken at the death of Hyacinthus, immediately caused a flower to spring from his blood, with petals that should bear for evermore the imprints of his cries of woe, "Ai, Ai." Many writers, however, consider the hyacinth we have today is not the flower of the legend, which was more likely to have been the iris, or even a lily, as the original Eastern hyacinth, the parent of our modern garden forms, is a most insignificant flower and certainly not remarkable for any curious inscription on its petals. Very possibly, though, the legend also embodies the idea that the flowers of early Spring, wooed by both the sun and the west wind, are finally killed by their lover the sun, as he attains to his full Summer strength.

Tulips, popular as they are, differ from both hyacinths and narcissi, in that they were unknown in Europe until the end of the sixteenth century, although in their native home of Persia they had long been a prized blossom, specially dear to all Eastern lovers as the symbol of burning love. From Persia they must have spread into Turkey, for in 1554, Busbequius, sent by the German Emperor as Ambassador to the Sultan, noticed some tulips blooming in a garden near Constantinople. Whether this early plant collector brought the first bulbs or seeds back to Europe is not known, but within a few years of this date tulips were blooming freely in Austrian gardens, whence they were rapidly passed to the other Western countries. So popular indeed did the new flower become that in 1635 a regular boom started in Holland, which probably marks the greatest period of excitement ever caused by any one plant. As in more modern "booms," however, the first frenzy of the tulip mania soon died down, involving much financial suffering, but from then on they have been established garden favorites, so much so that in parts of England the children will tell one that the fairies sleep in tulip cradles, a curious fate for this flaming Eastern flower that each morning "for her wonted sup of heavenly vintage lifts her chalice up."—I. M. Priestly.

With the Poultrymen

THE increasing number of early hatched fowls kept in other parts of the Dominion, together with the more or less efficient co-operative organizations marketing these products, must sooner or later be taken into account by British Columbia producers in dealing with the problems arising from production in this province of a very large surplus of eggs estimated for the year 1928 at 400 carloads. Such is the expressed opinion of Mr. J. R. Terry, chief poultry instructor, in reporting to Hon. William Atkinson on conditions of the poultry industry during the year 1928.

The chief poultry instructor points out that at the large convention of poultry producers and egg shippers held recently in the East, a forecast was made that if the exports from British Columbia increase to any appreciable extent, Eastern wholesalers will have to market Eastern surplus eggs in Europe and get their Winter supplies from British Columbia fresh eggs, rather than take the chance of putting eggs in cold storage and possible ultimate loss of money.

New Egg-Laying Contest

IN the Boundary district, the report indicates, an egg-laying contest was organised at Grand Forks during 1928, through the efforts of local poultrymen who have undertaken to finance the venture. This is the only one of its kind in the province projected by producers.

A tendency in the Interior and northern parts of the province towards production of heavyweight fowls and turkeys is indicated by the inspectors for those districts.

From the Lower Mainland the district inspector at New Westminster has reported a continual increase in the number of fowls kept with a large number of ducks produced to fill a demand from the Oriental population.

In boys' and girls' poultry club work, a very marked advance is noted in the report, a total of sixty-one clubs having been organised throughout the province as part of the work of the Poultry Branch. A total of 6,287 eggs are reported to have been supplied to 491 members of these clubs.

Okanagan Wins Honors

THE Okanagan district is singled out in the report as having led in number of clubs and the Vernon school district as having accomplished signal success largely through the efforts of an enthusiastic school teacher. At this centre the children won over $230 in prize money. Here also they fattened their surplus cockerels and held a killing and plucking demonstration, supervised by the provincial poultry instructor for the district.

Favorable weather conditions on Vancouver Island and Gulf Islands are given in the report as contributing factors in the increased production of turkeys in those parts of the province, bringing them up to the Interior districts in importance as turkey-raising centres.

At the Winter fat show it is noted that the first prize turkey, weighing twenty-seven pounds, brought the unprecedented price of $1.70 per pound. At this show the largest display of dressed poultry ever shown in the province was on exhibition.

Large crowds attended the funeral of Mrs. Johanna Collins who died recently at Knockilla, Ireland, at the age of 107.

Sixty Thousand Birds Pass R.O.P. Test

A FEDERAL Department of Agriculture policy that is responsible for a world's laying record, the shipping of birds and eggs to Japan, South America, New Zealand and many other countries, to say nothing of capturing orders from the world-famed Petaluma poultrymen of California, must have something in it that is worthwhile and of value to Canadian poultrymen.

The policy responsible for this development in the poultry industry is the Record of Performance for Poultry under the direction of the Dominion Livestock Branch.

Since its inception nine years ago it has increased in usefulness, volume and efficiency, and altogether 162,873 birds have been trapnested, and handled according to r.o.p. requirements. Of these 59,462, or 36 per cent, have been certified, having met all requirements regarding vigor, production, egg weight, breed type, and freedom from standard disqualifications.

The report just published covering last year's work is available for distribution and may be had on application to the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. It contains the records of 38,071 birds of all the popular breeds, entered by 288 breeders in all parts of Canada, and really forms a splendid directory of breeders for those anxious to obtain stock for the purpose of flock improvement.

Spreads Insecticide

A MAN-MADE bird is catching the early worms in Washington orchards. An airplane was commissioned to scatter two tons of insecticide above a 600-acre tract of trees. At Kennewick the plane made seventeen turns over the trees while the automatic blower emitted clouds of poison dust. It is believed the codling moth in this tract has been eliminated.

In its campaign to retain the beauty of the country, the Society for the Preservation of Rural England recently held in London an exhibition of several hundred photographs showing desecration of ancient landmarks and scenic beauty spots. Among the pictures were those of the disfigurement of the Warwick-to-Stratford-on-Avon road by signs blocking out trees and hedges; of the hiding of the ancient castle in Corfe Village by a building, and another showing the beautiful village of Wigton is plastered with signs, one picturesque cottage having twelve tire signs and four other enamel advertisements. The campaign is bearing fruit and an early clean-up of objectionable signs and buildings is predicted.

A new vogue in finger nails has been started in Spain by the Queen and her daughters. It is a polish that looks almost black, but on the nails in the evening is a deep Burgandy red. It is used only for the evening. Court society is taking up the fashion.

Avoid too much variety in mass planting, alternating or 'salt and pepper' arrangement is not nearly so effective as grouping plants of each kind.

A Pretty Up-Island Scene

ON ALLAN'S FARM, WELLINGTON

Egg Preserving

IF you want to have something to keep selling all through the Winter and thus keep up a regular income; if in the Winter you would use eggs that cost you, say, two cents each, rather than those costing five or seven cents; if you want to do your bit towards establishing a market that is always more or less glutted at this time of year, and, above all, if you can guarantee a market for your supplies, we would say emphatically that there is no better plan for you to adopt than to preserve every surplus egg you possibly can. There are many ways of preserving eggs—waterglass, limewater, freezing, drying, boiling oil, butter-smeared, lime and salt, dry preserving, rack storing, or by using the several proprietary egg preserving substances—all of which are excellent. For the backyarder or small man, our better-way fluid is waterglass for hens' eggs, and lime water for ducks' eggs. For the poultry farmer, the best plan is either these or rack preserving in revolving wire cages. For the big commercial egg man, the most economical procedure is either to use big cement tanks and waterglass, or to preserve in cold storage. If you make a practice of pickling every year, we would advise the purchase of a galvanized egg pail, fitted with a close-fitting lipped lid. Inside the pail goes a wire cage, and it is into this that the eggs are placed. The great advantage over an ordinary pail is that the eggs may be lifted out bodily and the lower ones examined, when those that are not keeping may be easily detected.

About Your Outfit

THE cost of a pail (in Toronto) to hold 100 eggs is $1.85, other sizes in proportion. If you do not want to go to this expense, you you may use earthenware bread pans, ordinary pails—enameled or galvanized—glass bowls, specially made, or get your ironmonger to make you some small galvanized iron tanks. You will find it handy to know what different sized receptacles will hold. Here is a guide. A vessel eight inches long, six inches wide and ten inches deep will hold fifty eggs; ten inches by seven inches by twelve inches will carry 150, twelve inches by nine inches by fourteen inches, 400 eggs. If you have vessels that are round or are larger at the top than bottom, the number of eggs they will hold is found by the "new" capacity rule. Fill the vessel almost to the top with water and then measure out how much water it holds. A gallon vessel will take forty eggs, two gallons, eighty; three gallons, 130; four gallons, 160; seven gallons, 280; and ten gallons, 400 eggs. The next job is to estimate how much preserving solution you will want. You must allow for the volume of the eggs and not, therefore, estimate one gallon for forty eggs. The new way has worked it out for you. For a gallon vessel full of eggs you will want three and a half pints of fluid; for a two-gallon container, seven pints; for a four gallons, one and a half gallons; for a ten-gallon, four and a half gallons, and so on in proportion.

Preparing Waterglass

WATERGLASS is bought in tins from your grocer or chemist. One pound will preserve over 100 eggs, and although some people make it much thinner and use it for 160 eggs, it is not a wise plan. The new proportion is one pint of waterglass to nine pints of water, or, if you buy it by the pound, one pound of waterglass to one gallon of water. It is important to boil the water first, and, having allowed it to cool, add the waterglass and stir it up well. If you prefer the limewater method, add half a pound of freshly slacked lime to five gallons of water, stir two or three times during the day until the whole becomes a milky fluid, then add one pound of salt. Allow the mixture to stand until clear, then decant off and use. The pail, jar or tank must be scalded out and be thoroughly cleaned. The eggs must be new laid, i.e., under five days old at the very most, quite clean (if they can be used unwashed so much the better), strong and evenly shelled and preferably infertile. Do not treat eggs carelessly; place them, big end upwards, one by one into the waterglass and thus avoid the danger of the bottom ones being broken by the weight of those above. It is better to have several small vessels and fill the vessel full in as few days as possible, than to keep filling a large vessel. Also, by numbering the vessels by affixing the dates of putting down, one can make sure of using the oldest eggs first. If a wire pail is used, the vessel may be filled first and the eggs in the wire pail lowered into it afterwards. With the ordinary vessel, however, the eggs must be packed in first and the liquid poured slowly onto them. A properly-filled vessel should have the eggs covered to a depth of two inches.

Covering the Eggs

THE next job is to cover the eggs. The lids of proper preserving pails often fit too loosely. The tighter the fitting the better, and, therefore, the new plan is to cover the pail with a three-fold thickness of linen, tying it tightly round twice with strong cord. This covering is to exclude dirt and also to prevent evaporation. For this reason the eggs should be examined occasionally, and if the level of the liquid has subsided, the vessel should be filled up by adding more water. The vessels should be stood in the coolest part of the house, the best storing temperatures being 33 to 45 degrees Fahrenheit. Exposure to a high temperature, say 80 degrees, even for a few hours, will cause deterioration in spite of the waterglass. Eggs will keep well for from nine to twelve months if these rules are followed implicitly. The eggs can be removed from the waterglass as often and in as large or small quantities as you like, but you should always test them before selling or using yourself, and must always remember to replace the covering on the vessel without fail. If you use the eggs at home, wash them in warm water and leave them to dry before attempting to cook them, and to prevent those cracked shells when boiled, all you need to do is to pierce the large end with a needle. And do not forget that when selling preserved eggs you must call them such, or "pickled" or "waterglass" eggs; never as "new laid," "fresh," or "farm" eggs.

Mussolini Likes Roses And Reads Detective Stories

BENITO MUSSOLINI has never been accused of gaining followers by presenting them with red roses. Most of his presents, according to rumor, have been fagots, and the march on Rome was swelled by marchers carrying not flowers but clubs. That the leader of so militant a band should find pleasure in roses is a comment not so much on his taste as on his versatility. There are those who say it shows a certain astuteness.

Italy's new dictator does not pretend to be a highbrow. He likes popular novels and reads a great many. He reads detective stories and enjoys them. When in a more serious mood he reads history and biography.

Mussolini likes a garden. He digs in the dirt whenever he gets a chance. He looks forward to the day when he can escape from urban life and find for himself a small estate far from cities. He dislikes cities—"detest" is the word he uses for his feeling toward them. But when he must be in cities he finds amusements. Concerts are his favorite ones. He [illegible] devoted to music and goes often to the ope[illegible] Verdi is the composer he prefers over [illegible] others, and he is partial to that compo[illegible] operas.

As to Sodding

A new surface coat will not repair a [illegible]oken and worn out pavement. Neither will [illegible]ding bring about luxurious turf when the [illegible] and conditions beneath are not right.

Examine Bulb[illegible]

Summer flowering bulbs such [illegible] cannas, gladioli, dahlias, caladium, et[illegible] should be looked over carefully. Excessiv[illegible]at or moisture will start them into gro[illegible] Dampness and low temperature are apt t[illegible]use decay.

Declaring it contraband, [illegible]ice of Lille, France, recently confiscated [illegible]ly $10 worth of tobacco which was foun[illegible] railway locomotive just as it was [illegible] cross the Belgian frontier. The [illegible] fireman of the engine were arrested.

A man who shot a [illegible]phone player one night pleaded that he [illegible]ht it was a cat.

"But you mustn't e[illegible] a cat," said the magistrate.

"I thought this [illegible] very ill," pleaded the man.

Indians of Saanich Peninsula

NORTH AND SOUTH SAANICH TRIBES

Article No. 28—By GEORGE M. WATT

LONG ago, before civilization reached Saanich Peninsula, there lived at the foot of Tod Inlet an Indian chief, Tzouhalem. His tribe was known as the strongest on the whole Island, but this unhappy man was not ambitious for power. The one thing uppermost in his mind was to leave to his followers an inheritance by which he should be remembered. If he could only build them a large temple. He gazed steadfastly, with this aim in view, searching for help, till, nearby, a jet black raven appeared. He appealed to the raven for logs to build a temple, and the raven god responded, the logs floated to the village, and at once the chief's warriors set to work at the great task of building the temple. This accomplished, they found that the raven could help them, and they also revered the bird. They placed its figure on the top of their totem poles. It is that same creature that helped Chief Tzouhalem, before white men came to this coast, and that is why to this day, the raven is still carved on top of an Indian totem pole.

The Saanich Tribe

SANETCH, or Saanich, is a Salish tribe, speaking the Songish dialect, and living on Saanich Peninsula and the neighboring islands. They numbered about 600 in 1858, but have gradually diminished since then until at the present time they number slightly over 300. There are six bands, viz., Tsartlip, Tsewout, Tschump, Pauquechin, Malahat, a[illegible]d Mayne Island. The Saturna Island Indi[illegible]s also belong to the Sanetch. The reserves [illegible]re situate at Tod Inlet, Cole Bay, Patricia [illegible]ay, Saanichton, Malahat and Goldstream. [illegible]hese reserves cover an area of 3,313 acres.

It must be remembered that the ab[illegible]igines were the possessors of the soil be[illegible]re the white man came, and it is noteworthy [illegible]hat the Indians on the lower part of Vancou[illegible]r Island are the only ones who have surren[illegible]red their aboriginal title to the land, and t[illegible] Hudson's Bay Company bought these lan[illegible] from the Indians under their charter of [illegible]43. One of Sir James Douglas' first acts as [illegible]overnor was to settle with the Indians for [illegible]ands surrendered on the southern part o[illegible] Vancouver Island. The Indians assemble[illegible] at Victoria in great numbers, fully armed [illegible]d prepared for any turn of affairs. It was [illegible]situation possessing great possibilities of d[illegible]ger, but the Indians were satisfied with t[illegible] Governor's terms and all passed off peacef[illegible]y.

Agreement [illegible]ith Indians

THROUGH the court[illegible] of Mr. W. E. Ditchburn, Indian C[illegible]missioner for British Columbia, the followin[illegible] copy of agreement with the Indians for the [illegible]e of land will be read with interest:

Saanich Tribe, [illegible]th Saanich—Know all men, that we the [illegible]hiefs and people of the Saanich Tribe, w[illegible] have signed our names and made our ma[illegible] to this deed on the eleventh day of F[illegible]uary, one thousand eight hundred and fi[illegible]-two, do consent to surrender, entirely a[illegible] forever, to James Douglas, the agent of [illegible]e Hudson's Bay Company in Vancouver Isl[illegible]d, that is to say, for the Governor, Deput[illegible] Governor, and Committee of the same, t[illegible] whole of the lands situate and laying as f[illegible]ows, viz. commencing at Cowichan Hea[illegible] and following the coast of the Canal de [illegible]ro North-west nearly to Saanich Point, or [illegible]a-na-sung; from thence following the cour[illegible] of the Saanich Arm to the point where i[illegible]terminates; and from thence by a straight[illegible]ne across country to said Cowichan Head, [illegible]e point of commencement, so as to includ[illegible] all the country and lands, with the excep[illegible]ns hereafter named, within those boun[illegible]ries.

T[illegible] condition of or understanding of this sal[illegible] this, that our village sites and enclosed fie[illegible] are to be kept for our own use, for the u[illegible] of our children, and for those who may [illegible]w after us; and the land shall be properly [illegible]veyed hereafter. It is understood, however, [illegible]at the land itself, with these small exceptions, becomes the entire property of the white people forever; it is also understood that we are at liberty to hunt over the unoccupied lands, and to carry on our fisheries as formerly.

We have received, as payment (amount not stated).

(Signed) Hotutstun, his X mark,
and 117 others.

Witness to signatures—(Signed) Joseph William McKay, Clerk H. B. Co.'s service R. Golledge, clerk.

A similar agreement was entered into with the South Saanich Indians, who received the sum of £41 13s 4d for their land. It was signed by "Whut-say-Mullet, his X mark, and nine others.

Satisfactory Conditions

THE progress of the Indians in this agency has been very satisfactory, a decided improvement in the quality of their horses and cattle being noticeable, also they have much better housing accommodation than formerly, the majority of the Indians having good lumber and frame dwellings well furnished. They have some very fine stock and take good care of it and are also well supplied with farm implements. They are nearly all law-abiding, moral Indians, although there are a few who will procure intoxicants whenever possible. Most of the Indians are Roman Catholics and are most efficiently looked after by Rev. E. M. Scheelan, West Saanich Road. Dr. Hoops, Deep Cove, and Dr. Thomas, Victoria, look after their health, while Miss Hagen, R.N., visits the reserves, teaching the Indian wives how to keep their homes in better condition, and how to look after their children. A visit paid the reserves some time ago by Dr. Young, provincial medical health officer, and Indian Commissioner Ditchburn revealed the fact that health conditions among the Indians were very satisfactory.

Kuper Island School

THIS Indian school for children is a Government institution, built by the Department of Indian Affairs at a cost of $125,000, and will accommodate one hundred pupils. Here the welfare of the Saanich Indians' children is attended to, where they have their board, clothing and education absolutely free, and can remain there until the age of fifteen years, and, under certain conditions, up to eighteen years. The school has a homelike atmosphere, where the children are well fed, well clothed, and in every way well cared for, and impress the visitor with their bright and happy appearance. Careful attention is given to the training of the girls in the domestic arts, needlework, dressmaking and knitting. The boys receive, apart from their general education, a particularly good training in mixed farming, cattle and hog raising. A new departure recently added by the department is that of manual training. This is now part of the curriculum of all the Indian schools, and it is the duty of the inspectors to see that the same education is given the Indian children as that received by their white brothers and sisters. The dormitories of the school are bright and roomy, well kept and well ventilated. In fact it may be stated now that the Indians have all the privileges of their white brothers, except that they can't vote, can't buy liquor, and don't pay any taxes.

Some Quaint Customs

POTLATCHES, or give away. This is the Chinook name of the great feast or give away. Each nation on this Western slope used to reckon on having one at least every year. Potlaches was a custom or mode of sending out invitations, paying debts, as well as acquiring new names, honors, etc., by giving a great feast and making presents to all invited guests. Those from a certain village or district generally came in a body of from five to twenty or more canoes. If there happened to be any big guns in the village, the visitors were welcomed by a salute. While presents were being given and accepted, a meal was being prepared by the villagers who gave the feast. In olden times their food consisted of deer, wild fowls, roots and berries. The flesh meats were generally cut into small pieces, only spoons being used, but quite a change has come over these feasts of late years by the use of tea, coffee, bread and butter and many other things. In the end the chief who gave the potlatch was generally a good deal poorer than when he started. I believe the last Indian potlatch was held on the old Songhees reserve in the year 1909. These potlatches were much in favor, and the coast tribes would travel far and near in their canoes to attend one.

As among many other Indian tribes, the juggler, or medicine man, was a familiar figure among the Saanich Indians. The doctor, when called in, heats a stone in the fire, touches it with his finger, and, with the same finger presses various parts of the patient's body in order to divine the seat and character of the malady. He then sucks the affected place, pretending to draw the disease and spit it from his mouth, the performance being accompanied with the beating of a drum and the shaking of a rattle.

The Shaker religion established in the United States and incorporated in British Columbia under the Friendly Societies Act, which the Indians believe in, consists in bell ringing and dancing. A large cross is erected in a room about six feet high, with candles lit all around. The Shakers believe that all sickness is caused by evil spirits, and that the ringing of bells and dancing around the patient will expel the sickness. As a last resort, however, it generally ends with sending for the local doctor with his up-to-date methods of medicine and surgery.

The Indians' Occupations

THE natives depend largely for their livelihood on fishing, both as an occupation in fishing for the canneries and for their food supply, as a large number of the reserves have little cultivation. Clam digging, gathering seaweed for the Chinese, who ship it to China to make up for medicinal purposes, strawberry picking, trapping, or expeditions to hop fields across the border. The Indian race is not increasing in numbers, and in many places fast dying out, although the Saanich Indians have slightly increased since 1911. Although at one time a warlike people, they are docile and law-abiding now, and many of the episodes in their lives and customs that shocked the white people are now a thing of the past, due in large measure to the Christianizing influence of the priests and missionaries who have done such splendid work among them throughout the whole of Canada. One of the old-timers, who had a lot of experience with the Indians, said, "If you ever make a promise to an Indian, never fail to keep it, even if it is a promise to give him a thrashing."

Hillside Harvesters

A TRAINLOAD of hillside harvesters have arrived at Walla Walla, Wash., recently in time for distribution before the ripening of early wheat and barley. By using an automatic sliding balance device these specially constructed harvesters are able to maintain a perfect cutting on the steepest hillsides without danger of upsetting. Many hills are planted to grain on which a mule or horse could not find secure footing. In the old methods of horse-power the harvesting machinery was held to the swath by extra teams pulling on the uphill side.

Births in England and Wales last year numbered 6,000 more than in 1922.

THAT CERTAIN PARTY

By Jack Wilhelm

POLLY AND HER PALS

The Bureau of Misinformation

By Cliff Sterrett

TILLIE THE TOILER

The Easiest Way Out

By Westover

S'MATTER POP

There's a Limit However

By C. M. Payne

BOBBY THATCHER

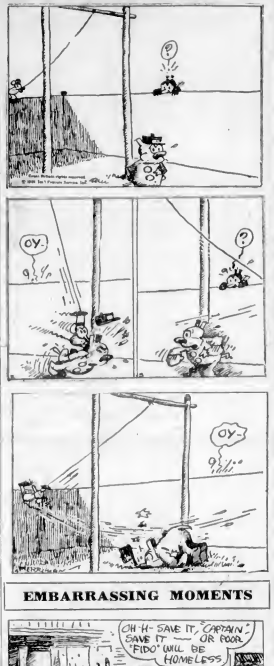
An Outlaw's Plan

By George Storm

JANE ARDEN

By Monte Barrett and Frank Ellis

KRAZY KAT



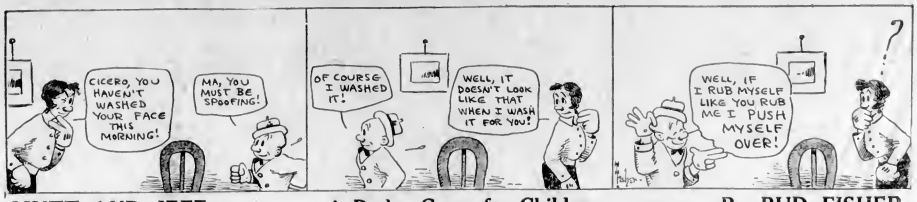
EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

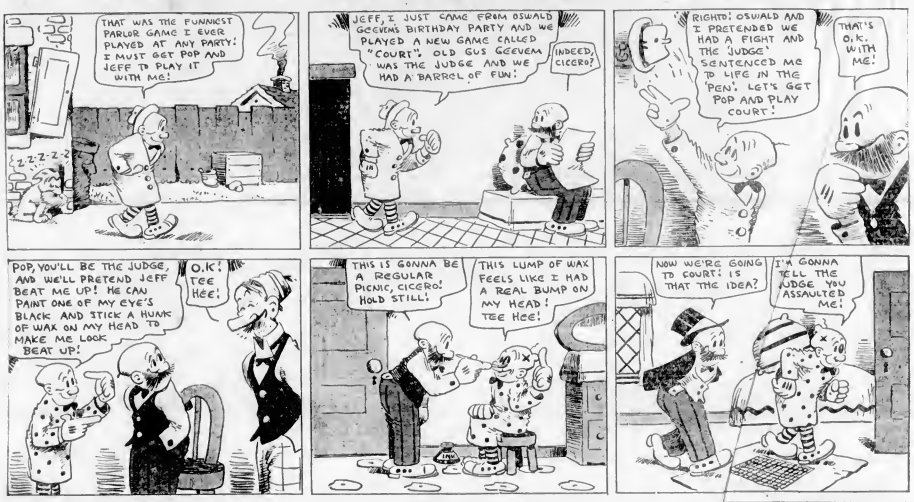
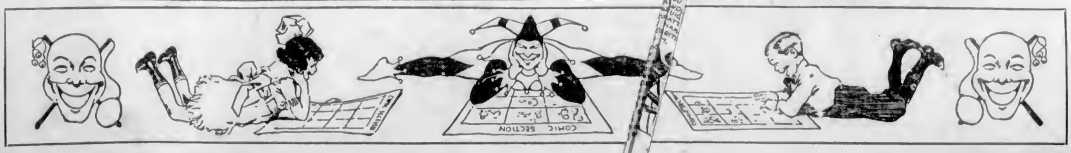
GERMANS LIKE PAPER CLOTH

Germans are taking much interest in the new paper clothing which is being introduced by a German manufacturer. He claims that it is waterproof, yet can be washed, affords ample circulation of air, does not swear, can be restored to its proper shape by shaking, and weighs about one-twelfth that of ordinary material. Many such suits will be worn during the coming Summer

COLONIST DAILY COMIC FEATURE



MUTT AND JEFF -:- **A Parlor Game for Children** -:- **By BUD FISHER**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